

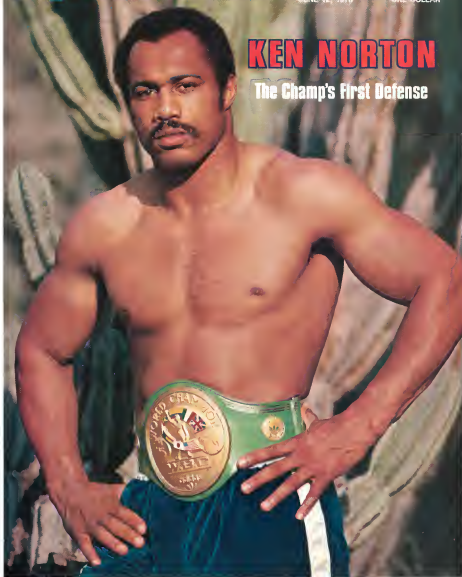
Sports Illustrated

JUNE 22, 1979

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AS AFFIRMED AND ALYDAR continue their incomparable rivalry. Affirmed having won six of eight races but not by much, they hook up in the Belmont. Now Affirmed has the incentive of becoming a Triple Crown winner. William Leggett reports.

THREE GIANTS of golf's past, present and future—Hogan, Palmer and Nicklaus—waged a historic struggle at the U.S. Open in Denver in 1960. This month the Open returns to the same course, and Dan Jenkins recalls those magnificent hours.

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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

BILLIE JEAN KING LOBS SOME COGENT ADVICE AT THE PUSHY 'TENNIS PARENT'

Just about everyone is familiar with the so-called "Little League parent," that pushy, demanding father or mother who yells at the umpire, second-guesses the coach and berates his own kid. Nor is this creature a stranger to the tennis court, where he lives out his fantasies through the child he is pressuring to become the next Connors or Evert.

But the parent who believes tennis would be good exercise for his child doesn't have to be a "tennis parent." If your son or daughter is interested in the game and you want to encourage that interest you would do well to spend an hour or two with a little book called *Tennis Love: A PARENT'S GUIDE TO THE SPORT* (Macmillan, \$8.95). It's written by Billie Jean King, with Greg Hoffman, and illustrations featuring Snoopy have been contributed by the ubiquitous Charles Schulz.

The basic message of the book is that parents should cool it. "... there's absolutely nothing wrong with a parent encouraging a child to play tennis and to play it well," King contends, "and there's absolutely nothing wrong with a parent who feels a certain amount of pride in a child's tennis accomplishments [but] when the encouragement or pride becomes extreme enough to bind the child to tennis when he or she would rather not be playing, the parent is at fault."

King's unarguable view is that tennis should be fun, and she offers sound advice for making it so. For the parent who wants to help a child improve his game, she provides a list of eight ways to insure that practice is productive and enjoyable: If the child wants formal lessons, she suggests group instruction and urges the parent to stay away. She has some counsel on how families can play the game together without ending up in domestic court, and she characteristically mimes no words "A parent who verbally abuses a child on the tennis court for making a mistake is completely beneath contempt."

King has equally useful practical advice—how to select shoes and a racket, what clothes to wear, how to choose an instructor, what kinds of tennis camps are worthwhile. Being a singular egalitarian, she speaks up for public courts and low-cost equipment, but she also has suggestions for the parent willing and able to go the higher-priced route.

From time to time King ignores her own advice and preaches what seems to be an excessively elaborate conditioning regimen, but that's to be expected from a player as gritty as she. Pass over those passages if you choose, but pay close heed to the rest.

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There seem to be just two occasions when the publisher has his picture taken to appear in this magazine—the day he arrives and the day he leaves. My first sitting was in September of 1972, when my predecessor, Dick Munro, officially turned this space over to me, along with the keys to my new office and all the special satisfactions and pleasures that go with the job of being publisher of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. Now I have had my picture taken again, this time with the man who will be signing these letters in the future, Kelso Sutton, the seventh publisher in *SI*'s nearly 24 years of publication.

Kelso is a native of Falmouth, Maine, who attended Hebron Academy and was graduated cum laude from Harvard in 1961. He joined Time Inc. that same year as an assistant business manager of *TIME* magazine and subsequently served as *TIME*'s business manager and then general manager.

In 1972, Kelso was made a vice-president of Time Inc. and was named head of the newly formed corporate circulation division, in which position he directed the circulation policies and procedures for all of the company's magazines.

For the past two years Kelso has continued to be an active participant in the affairs of *SI* in his corporate post of vice-president—and active also in the nearest available tennis court, downhill slope or navigable stretch of water. As a businessman and a sportsman, Kelso knows and appreciates the wonderful world of sport.

As for me, I am moving over to a rather different world to be publisher of *TIME*. The Weekly News magazine. It is a new and challenging assignment, and one that, I must admit, excites me. I am going to miss the day-to-day contact with my friends and co-workers at *SI*, but having spent the 17 years prior to my move here as a member of the *TIME* magazine staff, I'm looking forward to rejoining many of my former associates.

Next year *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* will be celebrating its 25th year of publication. It has been an extraordinary quarter century for sports and for the magazine. We have seen and reported on new personalities, new teams, new leagues and whole new sports as they have emerged. Technological advances in printing have enabled us to bring you color coverage within days of major sporting events. And as sport has flourished, so has *SI*. Circulation has grown from 450,000 to 2,250,000, reaching 16 million readers each week, and last year *SI* ranked fourth among all magazines in the U.S. in total advertising revenues.

It has been rewarding for me to have been a part of the world of sport, and *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, for more than five of those years. I wish the magazine continued success and its new publisher, Kelso Sutton, a long time between pictures.

Sack Meyer

SCORECARD

Edited by BRUCE NEWMAN

THE SHERO SHIFT

When the rumors began circulating seven weeks ago that Fred Shero would quit the Philadelphia Flyers to become coach of the New York Rangers, Shero said, "I don't want to coach New York. Besides, I've got a year left on my contract and you don't walk out on a team under a contract."

Last week, 11 days after he had resigned as coach of the Flyers because, he said, he had "lost something," Shero found whatever it was he was looking for in Madison Square Garden. The Rangers, owned by the acquisitive Gulf + Western Corporation, installed him as coach and general manager at a reported salary of \$200,000 a year for five years. There was speculation that Shero's sudden resignation from the Flyers was the result of tampering by Garden President Sonny Werblin.

It is ironic that no one seemed to be much troubled by the one aspect of the Shero move that will have the greatest long-term fallout. Whether or not the Rangers were guilty of tampering; whether or not NHL Commissioner John Ziegler once again proves himself indecisive by failing to clear the air; whether or not there was something terribly cynical about the Flyers acting aggrieved, then bartering Shero for a first-round draft choice and cash—that was all beside the point. What mattered last week was that Shero, a man given to moralistic utterances, had done what owners, general managers and coaches are always howling about: he had reneged on a valid contract. It is something Shero will have to live with when he is negotiating contracts for the Rangers for the next five years.

HORSE-SHOW SCANDAL

The horse-show world has been shaken by scandal involving the tranquilizer reserpine. The drug, which can turn fractious hunters into disciplined performers in the ring or make unruly horses seem better mannered to unsuspecting buyers, has long been abused by horse-show peo-

ple because it is difficult to trace. Last March the American Horse Shows Association discovered a method for detecting reserpine in a horse's system, and incorporated it in routine tests.

Some two dozen positive results were obtained at several shows. And last weekend Richard E. McDewitt, president of the AHSA, was notifying the offenders and summoning them to hearings.

Those found guilty of reserpine abuse face suspension, fines of up to \$1,000 and loss of all trophies, prize money and Horse of the Year points won during the testing period. "And that is just for the first offense," says McDewitt. "We haven't decided what to do with second offenders."

OSTOROGZHOI

For all its estimated 46 million sportsmen and sportswomen, the Soviet Union has never been very big on golf. There aren't any country clubs in the USSR, for one thing, and hardly anybody has stockbrokers to play \$5 Nassaus with, for another. But all that is about to change. The country's first championship-caliber course is to be built by Robert Trent Jones and his son Robert Trent Jones Jr., the renowned golf-course architects, on 191 acres 20 miles northwest of Mos-

cow. It is scheduled for completion in the early 1980s and will have 7,000 yards of fairways amid what is now a fine virgin stand of birch and hemlock. Jones Sr. says that he plans to keep the hazards to a minimum.

Strictly speaking, this will not be the first course in the USSR. In 1960 Nikita Khrushchev had a one-hole layout built near Lake Baikal for President Eisenhower to use, but it was never played. A month before Ike's departure for Moscow, Francis Gary Powers' U-2 spy plane was shot down in Soviet airspace, and the trip was scrubbed.

American businessman Armand Hammer, who knew Lenin and has maintained a working relationship with Moscow, frequently encouraged the Russians to tee it up. Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev, who once was the somewhat bewildered recipient of a golf cart given him by Richard Nixon, agreed when Hammer told him recently that golf is an international sport and should be learned by Russians.

The cost of constructing the course will be nearly \$1 million, and that does not include a double-deck driving range that Jones is hoping to build in the center of Moscow. As they say down at the pick'n'-putt collective, *Ostorozhnoi!* folks. Fore!

GOOD FISH

Jane and Michael Stern, authors of *Amazing America*, think they know the longest name of any lake anywhere. As anyone in Webster, Mass. knows, it's Lake Chagoggogoggmanchauggaugga-goggehaubunungamaui, an Indian name, naturally. What it means is, "You fish on your side, I'll fish on my side, and nobody fishes in the middle."

DISTASTEFUL EXERCISE

In the past decade or so a considerable change has taken place in the way the world's best athletes prepare for competition. Exercise machines, many of them futuristic contraptions that look like something from *Star Wars*, have supplanted barbells and other simple devices as physical-conditioning tools, and as sales of these machines soar, rival manufacturing companies are jockeying for ascendancy in the field. At stake is the potentially vast revenue from the trendy growth of the health industry; manufacturers hope to produce a relatively cheap machine for mass purchasing.

continued





A Star is born at Indy.

Atta girl, Janet. Millions of people are proud of you and your performance at Indy driving the Texaco Star. To finish ninth out of a field of

thirty-three of the world's best race car drivers has to be a big thrill for you. So congratulations, Janet Guthrie. You deserve it.



At a recent meeting of the American College of Sports Medicine, Arthur Jones, who developed the Nautilus exercise machine, astounded a seminar audience that was listening to a presentation by Dr. Gideon Ariel, the biomechanical-research scientist. After Ariel unveiled a new computerized machine, Jones played a tape-recorded statement in which he alleged that Ariel was guilty of "false claims, fraud, conspiracy to commit and personal involvement in industrial espionage, perjury under oath in a criminal case and a number of other similar acts." Jones maintains that Ariel, formerly under contract to Nautilus, took the idea for the computerized machine from Jones' company. Ariel denied the allegations and said that he would sue for slander.

Apart from this incident, there is a rising tide of "dirty tricks" within the industry. Rival firms regularly attack each other in trade magazines and journals, misrepresent competitors' products during sales presentations, encourage university coaches to become stockholders and grant research funds to scientists to prove the validity of their claims. Unhealthy is the word for it.

PRINTS

Ronald Bradley, 21, recently was sentenced to three years in prison in Dade County, Fla. for burglary. Bendley, who had made a point of wearing gloves on the job, was puzzled that his fingerprints were found at several break-in locations. Prosecutors pointed out to him that the golf gloves he was wearing have no fingerprints.

THE GUTHRIE AFFAIR

When the Indianapolis 500 hosted to a halt two weeks ago, a lot of crusty old chauvinists along Gasoline Alley found themselves in the uncomfortable position of having to say nice things about Janet Guthrie—who had finished the race ninth—or explain why they hadn't done better than she. Most went the easy route and chose to be nice, but 500 winner Al Unser, who wasn't too happy that Guthrie got as much attention as he did after the race, remained uncharitable and unmoved. "She was just trying to finish," said Unser. "I'd like to see her challenging for a lead with any of the top drivers, then we'd know what kind of driver she really is. I know I drive hard. I don't think she does."

Unser was also peeved about Guthrie's post-race revelation that she had broken her right wrist in a tennis tournament two days before the race, then kept the injury to herself. Guthrie admitted later that she had deliberately concealed the fracture from USAC officials, had taken a pain-killing injection before the race and had accelerated her 190-mph car from the pits into Indy's traffic using her left hand to shift gears. "If that was the case," asserted Unser, "she didn't belong on the track; she was a menace to the other drivers."

There was some question in track physician Tom Hanna's mind that Guthrie's wrist was really broken, even though early last week a cast was applied to her forearm. Still, it was a dangerous game Guthrie was playing with her own credibility as a serious competitor. "I certainly don't like the statements she made about concealing the injury from me," said Dr. Hanna.

HOT POTATOES

Janet Guthrie wasn't alone in her Indy infirmity: 180 people were treated at the track hospital on race day, many of them for heat stroke. Three killed members of the Scarborough (Canada) Bagpipe and Drum Corps collapsed from blowing too much hot air. But perhaps the most poignant incident of all is recounted by James G. Rimmer, 22, of Peru, Ind. Rimmer was on his long-awaited first date with Debra Rush, 19, of Frankfort, Ind., who was standing trackside for the national anthem when the clammy heat finally overcame her. "She keeled over like a sack of potatoes," said Rimmer, who sat out the race in the infield hospital with his prostrate friend. "I've had better first dates."

TOO MUCH GUSTO

The hottest controversy in Venezuela is not the upcoming presidential election but the right of citizens to smoke and drink at sporting events. Promising to separate "vice" from sport, the Minister of Youth, Baldo Cazanova, has proposed a law banning the sale of cigarettes and alcoholic beverages at athletic events and prohibiting the advertising of these products on radio and TV sports broadcasts.

On the surface, the law—or at least the section relating to alcohol—has much to recommend it. Venezuelan baseball fans have been known to express their loyalty by tossing beer cans at opposing

players. Stadium fights, fueled by drunkenness, are commonplace and, a league official recently admitted, "Fans here have gone crazy the last few years."

Nonetheless, when the law was proposed, the six-team Venezuelan Baseball League screamed foul. It turned out that two-thirds of the league's income came from concessions and ads—the majority of which are for whiskey, beer and cigarettes—and several teams have threatened to fold if the law is enacted.

"There's no way we could continue," said Oscar Prieto, owner of the Caracas Lions. "Without the concessions and advertisements we couldn't pay our rent."

BEANTOWN BRIEF

Meanwhile, in Boston last week there was a move afoot in the city council and in the Massachusetts state legislature to regulate the sale of beer in the stands at Fenway Park and the Boston Garden. State Senator Michael LoPresti Jr., who went to a recent Bruin playoff game and left after the first period, decided to take action after witnessing a fairly typical melee. "There was beer throwing, fist fighting and every profanity in the book," LoPresti said.

LoPresti and State Representative Royal Bolling Jr., co-chairmen of the legislature's Special Commission on Spectator Violence at Sporting Events, have opened hearings on the matter and hope to come up with corrective legislation.

WATCH THE BIRD

Short on money and confined to amateur status, U.S. badminton players have been struggling for years to fight off the notion that their sport lacks pizzazz.

Last month the International Badminton Federation allowed the sport to go open, and now, with the prospect of tournament purses, world-class players from Denmark and Sweden will probably display their fast indoor game in the U.S. "We hope to have an international tournament this fall," says Paul DeLoce, president of the U.S. Badminton Players Association. "If all goes well, we could be competitive with major badminton countries in six to eight years."

HE SAID IT

• Sparky Lyle, New York Yankee relief pitcher, on battery mate Thurman Munson: "Munson's not moody, he's just mean. When you're moody, you're nice sometimes."

END

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Sports Illustrated

JUNE 14, 1978



RUNNING WILD IN OREGON

Henry Rono, profligate in his record assaults, set the style at the NCAAAs, where 10 marks fell and USC won the team title **by KENNY MOORE**



Rono was dazzling in the distance freets and incandescent in a record steeplechase. Greg Foster set a hurdles mark but aggravated an injury.

CONTINUED

What we are witnessing is not taught, and it is not learned," said Bill Exum, the 1976 Olympic track manager from Kentucky State. "It is a mysterious gift, and we have never seen a man more blessed with it than this one."

The man was Henry Rono of Washington State and Kenya, running to a 150-yard lead in a qualifying heat of the steeplechase last Thursday at the NCAA track and field championships in Eugene, Ore. His stride smooth and precise, as if his legs weighed nothing after 3,000 meters, 28 barriers and seven water jumps, Rono crossed the finish line in 8:18.63, breaking by 6.2 seconds the meet record of the University of Texas at El Paso's defending champion, James Munyala.

Rono's run seemed such a blithe squandering of energy that even WSU Coach John Chaplin's eyes were wide. "Maybe his sore foot [bruised three weeks earlier in his world-record 8:05.4 steeplechase] hurts more when he runs slowly," said Chaplin, who had given Rono no instructions to go wild. "I ran fast for my thinking," said Rono, breathing easily, "for my confidence."

Four hours later, after a nap and a shower and nearly an hour's warmup, Rono took the track again for a 5,000-meter heat. By his own choice he was entered in the steeple, the 5,000 and 10,000 meters, but nevertheless he had grumbled about the need for heats. "His foot is taped," said Chaplin. "If he goes poorly, that's O.K. We're in no position to win the team competition, so frankly I'd rather he just ran the steeplechase and skipped the rest." But to run the steeple final, once he was entered in the 5,000, Rono had to run the 5,000 heat. That was because the NCAA has a rule requiring "honest effort" in preliminaries, the penalty for dogging it being disqualification from later races.

In the heat, Rono transformed honest effort into fiery resolve. After a lap in 65 seconds, he burst down the homestretch with the wind and hit 2:06 for the half mile. Into the next homestretch he lifted yet again, his elbows rising behind him as he accelerated, and completed that lap in 59 seconds. A 63 brought him past the mile in 4:08, the most extraordinary first mile in 5,000-meter history. Still he looked calm and eager, not bearing out

but running two inches from the curb on the turns, which, like a thoroughbred, a runner will not do if he is tired. His arms, when he was not blasting down each homestretch, were carried in effortless rhythm; his stride was mesmerizing in its fluid power. The Eugene crowd rose to him and began clapping and stamping in time with his footfalls. These were moments of awe, of a sense of privilege to be witnessing this unexpected, truly profigate display.

Rono ran past two miles in 8:33, slowing, but still a vision, an image all runners would carry in their mind's eye if they could. One spectator, seeing the joyous effort on Rono's face, said, "I wonder where he is right now."

A hundred yards behind, though 50 yards ahead of the rest of the pack, was a man who perhaps knew where Rono was, and why. Joshua Kimeto, his WSU teammate and fellow Kenyan, had said earlier, "Running is a kind of play, I think. When you are moving well, you feel like a spectator enjoying this movement of your own. If there is a great crowd with you, you are moved." Running thus disembodied, Kimeto felt, was when one reached his ultimate. "But if you start thinking of the number of laps to go or the time or how tired you will be at the end, you will start getting tense and then you will lose the rhythm, and when that stops you can't go anymore."

If this is true, if the essence of running well is running for the moment—and Rono was running well—he could not think of saving himself.

But semantics intrude. Surely it was not play as Rono passed three miles in 12:56 and stretched into a rakish sprint to the finish, the crowd howling him home. He hit the tape unseeing, in 13:21.79, to take the meet and field records of the late Steve Prefontaine.

John Chaplin was left trembling. "He's lost every marble he owns!" he cried. "He's mad now, because his foot hurts him a little, and he gets irritated and runs a fast lap to test it and gets caught up in the crowd and runs two collegiate records in the heats. The best distance double in history in the heats! I've had good kids before. I've had world-record holders before. But I've never had anyone like this." He paused, then said softly, "Maybe the world has never seen anyone like this."

That suspicion, abetted by imaginings of what Rono might do in whichever

finals he chose to run, loomed above a spirited team battle. UTEP, with strength in the weights and distances, seemed to have an edge on USC and Auburn, whose magnificent sprinters would probably cut up each other's points. UCLA was the best balanced team but by tradition the unluckiest in the meet, having dropped more batons over the years than a neophyte twirler.

True to form, bad luck hit the Bruins again. It began when sophomore hurdler Greg Foster felt a sore knee that he had twisted in an early season accident start to weaken over the fourth hurdle of the 110-meter highs. But at the time Foster was charging past Maryland freshman Renaldo Nehemiah, and he kept going to finish in an American-record 13.22, the best in the world this year and 1/100th of a second short of the world record of Cuba's Alejandro Casañas. Then Foster wobbled and went down, and out of the semifinals of the mile relay. Olympic relayist Millard Hampton replaced him and, no, UCLA did not drop the baton. But in a jam-up on the second exchange, the California State at Los Angeles baton went flying and a turn judge ruled UCLA at fault, disqualifying the team after it finished second. Coach Jim Bush spoke against the call with an intemperance that is best not fully recorded, his mildest sentiment being, "I'll be bitter the rest of my life."

Two other coaches, Mel Rosen of Auburn and Vern Wolfe of USC, were a study in contrasts as they guided their sprint stables through an uncommon number of head-to-head matches.

"I'm not much of a timer," said Rosen, trying to clock Harvey Gience, his 100-meter defending champion, in a heat. "I'm more of a worrier. How does Harvey do it?" he said as Gience zipped away from the field to win in a wind-aided 10.07. "I don't know. He thinks of me up here worrying."

In the 100 final, Gience had worries enough on the track as USC's Clancy Edwards blazed back from one of his typically poor starts and shot ahead in the last 15 meters to win in an NCAA-record 10.07. Curtis Dickey of Texas A&M placed second and Gience third. In the 400, again it was Auburn vs. USC, in the persons of Willie Smith and Billy Mullins, each of whom had taken his semifinal. Wolfe, a self-composed man ("I just burn inside"), watched Mullins enter the stretch a yard behind Smith

and whispered under his breath that Willie would soon die. And Mullins did gain on Smith all the way to the tape, but "I think he missed by an inch," said Wolfe. "Which one are they taking pictures of?"

The photograph that counted, the official one, showed Wolfe wrong. Mullins won by the thickness of his shirt, though the time for both men was 45.33.

When USC's Rich Graybehl ran on painful blisters to get second behind the 48.92 of Auburn's James Walker in the 400-meter hurdles, and Edwards, a senior, and Trojan freshman James Stanford went one-three in the 200—Edwards winning in 20.16, a meet record—USC had its 27th NCAA title. UCLA and UTEP tied for second. "A long three days' work," said Edwards, who was the meet's only double individual winner and had set records in each of his victories. He had also run on the Trojans' winning 400-meter relay team. All in all, he had helped contribute 30 of USC's 59 points. "It's a good feeling to roll off the turn and whip into the stretch," said the 5'11", 180-pound sprinter who could easily be mistaken for a Trojan tailback, "but the real satisfaction is having everybody come through."

Steve Scott of UC Irvine, a 3:53.9-mile in March, came through a siege of flu in which he lost 10 pounds to become the 1,500-meter champion. Leading after 600 meters, he withstood challenges from Oregon's Matt Centrowitz and East Tennessee State's Ray Flynn to win in 3:37.58, fastest in the world this year.

When the 10,000-meter final arrived, Rono was not in it. Then his teammates Joel Cheruliyot and Samson Kimbowa were tripped in a collision after two miles. A grateful Mike Musyoki of UTEP and Kenya took what was given, winning in 28:30.91. "I expected to see Rono," he said. "But I wasn't disappointed not to see him."

That evening, the night before the steeplechase and 5,000 finals, Rono dined with a friend and made himself out to be a sloppy steeplechaser. "I am too high above the barriers. My trail leg is weak. They say I use the wrong leg to lead with." Reminded that his coach, Chaplin, had slowed him in a dual meet with Oregon, which kept him from breaking a world record, Rono said, smiling, "I won't look near the coach tomorrow. I will show the people how I can run." There seemed in him something shared with Prefontaine, who had relished the

crowd and let it drive him. Rono is far less demonstrative than was the Oregon runner, but he appears to be as sensitive to a congregation's wishes.

The day came hot and dry, with a significant wind up the backstretch. Rono started the steeplechase slowly, first staying behind Richmond's Hillary Tuwei for a kilometer, then racing ahead, then easing. "Break away in the middle," Chaplin had told him. "No one can follow you." After a mile Rono broke cleanly away from James Munyala, who had moved into close company with him. Rono had trouble gauging his steps and had to chop before several barriers, but sprinted the last 200 with great bounds. "Nice job," said Chaplin. "Nice and easy." The time was 8:12.39, six more seconds sliced from the old meet record.

Rono lay for a few minutes in the trainer's tent, sweat streaming from his body, then slowly walked the perimeter of an adjoining grassy field, his head down. When he returned, Chaplin walked beside him. "I don't think I want to run the 5,000," said Rono.

There was relief in Chaplin's eyes. "But I want to help the team," said Rono.

"You've done enough." Oregon's Rudy Chapa was momentarily stunned when he heard Rono had withdrawn. "I was going to run my own race anyway," Chapa said. "I decided I still would. I would run 65s and push on the fifth and ninth laps."

Chapa led the first lap in 63, taking a spike wound in his right calf as Kimeto went to the lead. A chesty, hard-running man, Kimeto had 20 yards at the mile in 4:12. Kimbowa, Chapa and Ralph King of North Carolina caught him at seven laps. Kimbowa went to the front, surging away with the wind behind him as Rono had done. But Kimbowa slowed when running into the breeze and Chapa came back up to him.



Clancy Edwards powered his way to records in the 100 and 200

The Oregon crowd began to emit a low, urgent chant. "Ru-dy! Ru-dy!" they called. Chapa, running before Prefontaine's people, made them his own. And, as Prefontaine would have done, he took the lead with nearly three laps remaining, against the wind. Kimbowa fell away and Chapa won by five seconds over Providence's Gerry Deegan in 13:35.29 with Kimbowa third.

On the infield after the race, Chapa was greeted by Ray Prefontaine, the runner's father. Their expressions were shared: mixed pride and regret. "I just hope I can bring something to the people like he did," said Chapa.

"You already have," said Prefontaine. "He would be proud."

"That keeps the 5,000 even," said John Chaplin. "Six wins apiece for Oregon and WSU in 13 years." Hearing this, Chapa looked toward Henry Rono. "Yeah," he said, "and won't next year be something."

SKY HIGH OVER THE WORLD CUP

Not so long ago it would have been as foreign to the American taste as oxtolans or haggis. Now it's on in Argentina, and Americans are paying heed. Out of the hurly-burly of the first 11 days of World Cup soccer play, eight of 16 countries will survive to take part in the second round. Forecasting these extravaganzas is notoriously difficult. Three World Cups ago, Italy, a great soccer nation, was eliminated by, for heaven's sake, North Korea. Nevertheless, on the current form of the four groups that are engaged in

round-robin mini-tournaments, the countries that have the best chances of going forward would seem to be these: host Argentina, Italy, West Germany, Poland, Brazil, Spain, Scotland and the Netherlands.

Whether they do so depends considerably on the way the men shown on these pages perform. So often World Cup play produces one dramatic figure. In 1966 it was Bobby Charlton of England; in 1970 Pelé of Brazil; in 1974 Franz Beckenbauer of West Germany. You may be looking at the superstar of 1978.

KENNY DALGLISH
Scotland, Striker

Last month Dalglish (red shirt) scored the only goal of the European Cup Final to give Liverpool (which paid Glasgow Celtic \$192,000 for him in 1977) the trophy for the second successive year. In the Scottish style, he is at his most dangerous running straight at a defense. He has both speed and fine control, shielding the ball, changing pace, then cutting at full speed toward goal.





KLAUS FISCHER

West Germany, Center Forward

Fischer has to take the place of Gerd Müller, West Germany's highly successful striker in the '74 World Cup. The two men's styles differ sharply, however. Fischer is less intuitive, though he may possibly be better at ball control and has the ability to wrangle through bunched defenders and get his shot in. And he is better in the air, as above, and at heading the ball.



DANIEL PASSARELLA

Argentina, Defender

Argentina's coach, Luis Menotti, says that Passarella is the new Beckenbauer—a large claim. But Passarella fits Beckenbauer's old "libero" role as a free-ranging back who can move swiftly into attack and, like the German, be adept at enlivening plays. Passarella is captain of the Argentine side, and it will be his large responsibility to take the penalty shots.

ZICO

Brazil, Striker

The old term "inside forward" perhaps suits Zico's role on the Brazilian team better than "striker." He is expected to forage for the ball and do some defensive work as well as head for goal. But it is for his goal scoring that hopeful Brazilians call him the "new Pelé." Zico, though, tends not to be as consistent as Pelé was. In the finals he could be a disaster or a Cup winner.



JOHAN NEESKENS

Netherlands, Midfielder

In the absence of Johan Cruyff from the Dutch team, much will depend on Neeskens (left). Cruyff's longtime teammate, Neeskens is strong in Holland they call him "Bull." He is also very fast and a powerful striker, but his main function is to create scoring opportunities for others. He had a pivotal role in the "Dutch Whirl" that so nearly won Holland the Cup in 1974.

GRZEGORZ LATO

Poland, Right Wing

At 27, Lato is a veteran of the 1974 competition and was the top scorer in that tournament with seven goals. He is somewhat aloof off the field—giving no interviews. In games he breaks very fast and has a dangerous and accurate right-foot shot. Call him "Bolt"—meaning bolt—as the Polish fans do. They consider him the finest player they have in that country.



DOWN TO ONE LAST COLLISION

The Bullets blew out the Sonics in Game 6 and the whole NBA playoff show headed west one more time by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

From the beginning it should have been obvious to everybody but a Congressman from the Cascade Mountains that in any struggle between a team that lives and dies with guards and a team dependent upon Elvin Hayes, neither candidate could possibly win the NBA championship.

And so it came to pass that the Seattle SuperSonics—crass and brassy in the backcourt but feeble up front—and the Washington Bullets—powerful and point-heavy at forward but fairly woeful nearly everywhere else—had to head back to the West Coast after four separate trips across the land in their final series, all tied up at three games apiece. In other words, all dressed up with no place to go but the steamy and savage cauldron of a seventh and deciding game. Win the world championship? they must have been asking themselves. Might as well, can't dance.

Additional things that the two combatants were unable to accomplish continued to crop up during these games, never more obviously than last Sunday afternoon in Landover, Md. when the Sonics had a chance to end the longest season in the history of civilization but

instead suffered a June swoon and were blown away by the determined Bullets, 117-82.

Washington buried its guests with 70 points in the second half, but it was a 13-4 spurt at the end of the first half that broke open a tight contest and banned the Sonic Boom for the rest of the day. Seattle's Dennis Johnson, who watched the Bullet rally from the bench, said, "We were flat. I came out because I wasn't producing. It was a lack of adrenaline or something."

Perhaps the deficiency was caused by the shock of seeing 6'6" Washington Forward Bob Dandridge floating and stinging like a guard, which he once was.

With Kevin Grevey sidelined by injuries and his other backcourtmen plainly horrible, Bullet Coach Dick Motta sent rookie Greg Ballard into the game with 4:20 left in the second quarter and moved Dandridge to guard. "I don't like guard, but it was an emergency," said Dandridge. The two men combined for 11 points as the Bullets rushed to a 47-35 halftime margin that was never threatened thereafter.

Seattle spent the rest of Game 6 wondering why its marvelous guard trio of Johnson, Fred Brown and Gus Williams, who had combined for 57 points a game in the series thus far, were being held to 42, and how enemy reserves such as Bal-



PHOTOGRAPH BY MANNY MILLAN



This was the series: lots of elbows, no one in charge. Awaiting the fall of the ball, left to right, are Brown, Henderson, Kupchak, Hayes, Webster, Silas

lard (12 points and 12 rebounds), Mitch Kupchak (19 points) and even a couple of those beleaguered Bullets guards, Charlie Johnson (known as C.J.) and Larry Wright, could continue roaring down the floor in an avalanche of fast breaks.

Hayes and Dandridge together scored their customary 40 points, but it was the work of the Bullets bench that prolonged the series, not to mention the failure of the Sonic defenders, who kept giving away large pieces of territory.

"I saw a lot of smiling and laughing over there," said Seattle's Johnson (known as D.J.). "But we got the seventh game at home. He who laughs last, laughs best."

"This is what it's all about," said Moten, looking ahead to *The Last Waltz* in Sonic land. "Everybody's backs are to the wall. It should be a helluva moment."

If the preceding week had seemed extra long to the Sonics, it was possibly because the team—along with the fanatical Rainbeltians of the Pacific Northwest—had believed themselves capable of wrapping up the series in five easy pieces. They planned on a pair of blowouts back home in Seattle following their breakthrough to 2-1 in *Landover*.

This would have been considered appropriate timing by the assembled media, which all season had been licking its chops in expectation of another zany

championship match between Portland and Philadelphia only to be confronted with two rather mediocre, rather monotonous adversaries who also seemed to be located in geographical pockets inaccessible to each other except by travel on 12 different airplanes.

Even though five of the games were close and tenaciously fought, CBS-TV was having a difficult time moving the series into ratings parity. This was not so surprising when one considered the prospect of watching Marvin Webster stand around waving at a bunch of guys named Johnson rather than, say, viewing slow-motion instant replays of *The Partridge Family*. The two participating commu-

continued

nities had different feelings about the final series, of course. Bullet behavior seemed to take over Georgetown cocktail party conversation just where chatter about the SALT negotiations left off, and columnist James Reston, one of Washington's senior political pundits, called the playoffs "a sociological and psychological 'happening' that restores a sense of pride to this community."

A sports theorem of the day holds that the farther away a team is from the cold-blooded Eastern Establishment, the more likely it is to be worshiped. Thus the SuperSonics, or the Bionic Sonics, or the Ultra Sonics, as they had come to be known in Seattle.

On the day the series began on the West Coast a man in Seattle's Virginia Mason Hospital woke up from cardiac arrest to inquire in writing (because he couldn't speak) what the final score was in Game 1. For Game 4, a gaudy total of 39,457 outpatient—single-game record—showed up in the Kingdom to make sure they would know.

In anticipation of the event, the Bulls' Hayes, who had played before American basketball's two largest throngs—the 52,693 present for UCLA-Houston in the Astrodome in 1968 and the 41,165 who attended an NBA doubleheader in the same building in 1969—waxed philosophical. "The UCLA game made me known around the world," said the Big E. "They won the NCAA but we won history. This game will be for history, too."

Unfortunately for Hayes, the grade-school "I before E" rule applied again, when Individualism overcame Elvin in yet another big contest. He was not around at the end, having fouled out after making no decisive impression on the outcome of his team's stunning 120-116 victory in overtime.

What made the Bulls' series-tying win impressive was not merely that they managed it on a foreign court and without much help from Hayes, but that they were strong-willed enough and sufficiently gutsy to come from 15 points behind in the third quarter, to withstand a remarkable individual performance by the Sonics' emerging star, Dennis Johnson, to take a late lead and then survive still another tied-up-again-on-the-railroad-tracks rescue basket by Fred Brown at the end of regulation; and to get three quick-kill hoops in the extra period from Charlie Johnson that clinched the game.

While it is true that the Sonics were

not really "at home" in the Kingdom—the Seattle Coliseum, where the team had a 21-game winning streak, had been committed to a mobile-home show long before anyone realized that Coach Lenny Wilkens was Mandrake the Magician in disguise—the floor and backboards and rims were all trucked over from their more familiar arena. The carnival atmosphere also tended to favor the Sonics, as it would any team whose red-haired, freckle-faced young leader—D.J.—tended to resemble Howdy Doody.

Before Hayes and Webster tapped off at center court, which was situated about where somebody named Dan Meyer normally patrols first base for something called the Seattle Mariners, an alleged baseball team, some fascinating sights greeted visitors to the NBA's first domed playoff game. There were Sonic banners and Sonic buttons and Sonic "commemorative" T-shirts and Sonisteria in full cry. HOONAH, ALASKA SAYS GO SONICS read one sign. There was the University of Washington band and cheerleaders dancing their hearts out just as if this was a Pac-8 festival. There were mobs of fans lined up ready to storm the gates and mobs of ushers and usherettes in brown suits and berets ready to repel the invasion.

When they got down to the game itself, the difference between the two teams was the play of the Bullet guards, who had been chewed up and spit out in the previous two contests (99-64 in points) by their Sonic counterparts. Through a good part of Game 4 that trend continued as D.J., Brown and Gus Williams scored 43 points (to the Bullet backcourt's 15) in the first half, helping Seattle to a 56-48 lead at the break. In fact, up to the point when Seattle led by 15 at 85-70 with two minutes-plus remaining in the third quarter and the Bulls collapsing the way their reputation says they always will, the Sonic trio had scored 55 to their rivals' 23.

About this time, however, D.J., who was in the midst of a 33-point, seven-rebound, three-block and three-assist evening, went to the bench with sore ribs courtesy of a Bullet elbow. The visitors took his 5½-minute absence as an occasion to get back in the game, not to mention the series. Dandridge scored 10 points, C.J. and Wright combined for five more baskets and Kupchak contributed his characteristic manic hustle—once diving headlong across the floor as if he

were Jacques Cousteau homing in on the elusive sockeye salmon. With 3:30 left in the game, the Bulls were up by 103-101.

This was nothing but a signal for D.J. to return and take command of the Sonics. Over the next few astonishing minutes, with all hell breaking loose, he made no fewer than six great . . . big . . . plays: 1) a banked jumper to tie the game; 2) a block on Dandridge; 3) a loose-ball retrieve; 4) an offensive rebound and free throw to give the Sonics back the lead, 104-103; 5) after Dandridge's three-point play, a control-the-dribble, pass-and-strong screen for Brown's tying missile from the corner (106-103); and, finally, 6) a game-saving second block on Dandridge in the lane with two seconds to go in regulation.

The overtime turned out to be anticlimactic, as overtimes often do. The Bulls' C.J. and Tom Henderson split 12 points and the visitors swept away to a victory they could not have imagined a few minutes before, when D.J. was acting like a chubby version of Jerry West.

"We could have lain down like puppy dogs with our stomachs in the air," said C.J. in the Bullet dressing room, "but we're made of more than that. Everybody keeps knocking our guards, but their guards died tonight."

Or at least took ill. And the men from D.C. contributed to that in almost knocking off the Sonics' Johnson, who nevertheless said the Kingdom game might have been his best ever—"But it don't mean more than nothin' when you lose."

In the next few off-days, as everybody tried to get their Johnsons straight, and while the city of Seattle was being hit by an amazing natural phenomenon known as "sun," one simple fact seemed to emerge from this wildly undulating series: when the Sonics' Webster played well (37 points in Games 1 and 3) the Sonics won, and when Wes Unlaid stopped him six baskets total in Games 2 and 4, the Sonics lost.

Naturally, this brilliant concept was blown apart within hours, or about the time it took the wily Unlaid to apply his left and erase the Eraser from Game 5, holding him to just 3 for 10. Back in the homey Coliseum on Friday night, Seattle won 98-94 without Webster simply because D.J. was steady again and had 24 points; because Brown was back downtown and added a game-high 26, saying, "I know every crack and cranny

continued

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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here, every niche on the hoop", and because Hayes once more disappeared in the moments of crisis.

In addition, the Sonics were able to make their late foul shots (10 of 13 in the final 4:07) while the Bullets missed theirs (9 of 20 in the second half). Seattle's main man in this regard was the lanky rookie Jack Sikma.

In between his hiding and complaining to everybody about the officials, Hayes had been manhandling Sikma all series long. But in the final minutes of the fifth game Sikma retaliated with a vengeance by ripping down rebounds, drawing fouls, converting three significant free throws and effectively blanketing Hayes on defense (the way Papa Bear Silas had shown him to do). All of that came after the Bullets had cut another supposedly safe Seattle 11-point lead to two points (92-90) with 1:59 left.

This time Hayes played nearly 20 minutes of the second half without scoring a basket. "Our patterns have different options; they're not just for me," he announced. "I need the ball to score."

When Seattle's Brown was asked about this, he just snickered. Silas said, "I can't get into Elvin's brain. I don't know what's wrong with him."

But as Hayes strolled to the Bullet team bus, laughing and autographing copies of his book, *They Call Me the Big E*, his teammate Kupchak corroborated what both teams knew but weren't saying. "It's all up to Elvin," said Kupchak. "We can't force the ball to him every time; he's been around long enough to know that. But when Elvin wants the ball, we get it to him."

The Bullets didn't need Hayes on Sunday, but even in a fourth quarter that meant nothing, he couldn't buy a basket. For the first six games of the series Hayes had scored 133 points but only 19 of them in all the final quarters. To prevail in a battle between such evenly matched clubs, it seemed imperative for the Bullets that their only real "name" player and 10-year All-Star justify his status by not dissolving at the end of the seventh game.

"The fourth quarter tells the story," Fred Brown had said of this exhausting drama, while somewhere between the coasts. "That's where everything is decided. Either you come with it or you don't."

And in Game 7 everything would finally be decided.

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Some of the finest moments of history have been very brief and poorly attended. In November of 1863, Abraham Lincoln gave a short talk that he claimed the world would little note nor long remember. Because the crowd that day at Gettysburg had been numbed by a long-winded orator, Abe's two-minute address was indeed little noted at the time, but it was certainly remembered and admired for its eloquence and brevity. Flipping forward 40 years, we come to the drifting sands of Kitty Hawk. There is Orville Wright throbbing along at seven mph 12 feet above the ground in a blinding contraption prophetically called *Flyer I*. Orville's first famous flight lasted 12 seconds and was witnessed only by his brother Wilbur and five onlookers who were not overly impressed. Like Abe's Gettysburg Address, it was one of those second-page news items that in time would become front-page history.

For dramatic brevity without parallel in the horse-drawn past—and for a sam-

reaching into a cooler for a beer might have missed his act altogether. One moment Greenamyer's *Red Baron* was a speck above the rusty horizon. In the next instant it was a silent blur less than 60 feet above the dry lake bed. A wink later it was gone, lost to the eye a good two seconds before its howling noise buffeted the people below.

Back in 1903 at Kitty Hawk, Orville Wright traveled 120 feet on his first 12-second flight. At Mud Lake, Darryl Greenamyer covered the same distance in less than a tenth of a second. When the clockings of his four passes were averaged out, Greenamyer had raised the low-altitude record for unlimited craft to 996 mph, exceeding by 90 mph the best mark of anyone, military or civilian, on either side of the Iron Curtain.

Measured against the absolute, Greenamyer's record at Mud Lake is not much. Astronauts have zootled along in outer space at better than 24,000 mph. In the mid-1960s, while flight-testing the

load would have carried him halfway across the country.

However long his Mud Lake record lasts, Greenamyer's reputation is not apt to be diminished by its passing. Despite his 41 years, Greenamyer is boyish in appearance and manner, and although he stands only 5' 6", even before his jet attempt he cast quite a shadow in the aviation world. Flying a clipped-wing Grumman F8F-2 Bearcat that he drastically lightened by removing armor plate, he competed in the unlimited class at every Reno National Air Race from 1964 through 1971. In that span he won six times against about 75 different planes—Mustangs, Lightnings, Sea Furies and God knows what all. In 1969 he flew his Bearcat 482 mph to set a world record for piston machines. As a consequence, he is now in the Guinness Book of World Records, and his beloved Bearcat is in the Smithsonian along with Lindbergh's ocean-hopping Ryan, the *Spirit of St. Louis*, and the Wrights' Fly-

GOODBY TO A RED BARON

ple of the sort of split-second heroics still being performed far from the madding crowd today—let us move on to Veterans Day 1977 and look upon Mud Lake, a baked clay expanse in the emptiness of western Nevada. On Mud Lake that October day were about 250 engineers, technicians, timers, military observers, aviation buffs and ordinary gawkers, all waiting for a former Lockheed test pilot, Darryl Greenamyer, to fly past in his *Red Baron*, a homemade, needle-nosed, snub-winged jet plane whose very looks bespeak danger.

It was Greenamyer's ambition to fly faster than any man had through the thick mantle of air that swaddles this earth. Fortunately for the crowd, the international rules for low-altitude speed attempts require the pilot to make two passes from each direction through a three-kilometer time trap. If Greenamyer had crossed Mud Lake only once, anyone

world's fastest jet, the Lockheed SR-71, toward destruction limits. Greenamyer exceeded 2,000 mph in thin stratospheric air. Still, his Mud Lake record is fairly secure because it would take a specialized and costly effort to break it. The best jet craft today—with afterburner on for maximum thrust—are very inefficient when ramming through dense air close to earth. Unless drastically modified, it is doubtful if any of them could make four record-breaking passes without running out of fuel. On his successful attempt, Greenamyer went up with a full load of 1,050 gallons. The total distance four times through the speed trap was less than 7½ miles, and he covered that in less than half a minute, but counting takeoff and landing and circling between runs, he traveled more than 130 miles and was aloft for nearly 20 minutes. He landed with 50 gallons to spare. At cruise speed in the stratosphere, the same fuel

His F-104 was a junkyard jet, but after he set the speed mark, the only way to go was up by COLES PHINIZY

er I. Greenamyer's fame is so well entrenched that several months after his feat at Mud Lake, acquaintances were still pumping his hand and saying, "Hey, I hear you broke the world speed record. That's great. How much faster would you have had to go to break the military record also?"

Ask any 50- or 60-year-old who Charles Lindbergh, Amelia Earhart and Wiley Post were, and the very names will resurrect facts. It is possible to remember what Lindy, Amelia and Wiley did, what they looked like and how they lived and died. Ask the same person about Chuck Yeager. Chances are Yeager will be faintly remembered as one of the guys who led the world past the sonic barrier.



Surrounded by bits and pieces of planes, Darryl Greenamyer has both feet on the ground, for now

a rocket jockey whose face and exact feats are now beyond recall. Behind almost every aerial achievement today are many nameless, faceless people. The pilots are now no better remembered than anybody else; the planes are a maze of disparate systems and backup systems that would flabbergast an oldtime tinkerer. Weighed against the best of the past and present, Darryl Greenamyer, the hero of Mud Lake, is a living contradiction. In spirit he is a solo artist of the old school, a tinkerer born too late but blessed with the wits to handle the complex machines of the red-hot present.

In fact, Greenamyer was more interested in hot rods than studies as a Monrovia, Calif., teen-ager. "I was academ-

ically terrible," he says, but after joining the Air Force and learning to fly in 1955, he settled down to earn a mechanical engineering degree at the University of Arizona. It wasn't until after his career as a test pilot at Lockheed—and after donating his Bearcat to the Smithsonian—that Greenamyer married 23-year-old Tern Croft. The two of them now live in Greenamyer's mobile home, parked most of the time at Verdi, Nev., though his latest endeavor is converting a surplus railroad car into a residence.

On the weekend he set the world jet record, Greenamyer's plane was troubled by a vaulting generator that, among other things, provided power to the stabilization augmentation system that

would help keep him from flying into the ground. While Greenamyer was fussing with the generator circuitry, a college professor learned in the workings of the human sensory system informed him that because of the lag between eye and brain, anything he saw while traveling 900 mph 100 feet off the ground would already be 150 feet behind him. It was not the sort of grim data Greenamyer needed at the moment. As he recalls, "What the professor said, in effect, was that if I headed into the ground, I would never know I had." (The day after Greenamyer's record run, a pilot named Bob Reichardt did fly into the ground and was killed while traveling only a third as fast in quest of a limited piston-class record.)

Reviewing his flight at Mud Lake, Greenamyer says, "What were the risks? They scared the hell out of me. Flying that fast that close to the ground holds your attention, to say the least." If it was not fun, why did he do it? Although all of his feats had been a solid cut above the antics Evel Knievel has undertaken for fame and fortune, Greenamyer made his low-level attempts hoping it would earn him the financial support he needed for a loftier quest that was probably less dangerous and closer to impossible. An American last held the jet altitude record in 1961. Since then Soviets have pushed it progressively upward, from 103,400 to 123,500 feet. It had been Greenamyer's ambition for more than a decade to get the record back. The longer he had to delay, the more difficult it became. Because early metering equipment was not very exact, the rules laid down long ago stipulate that, to be recognized, a new altitude record must exceed the existing mark by 3%. As a result, to break the record, Greenamyer was going to have to poke the needle nose of his *Red Baron* almost three-quarters of a mile farther into the sky than any Russian had.

Although he is a rare creature, Greenamyer is downright commonplace compared to the *Red Baron*, the extraordinary plane he assembled with his own hands. If King Khalid of Saudi Arabia

continued

wanted a plane just like Greenamyer's, he could not buy one, not for all the oil in his country and all the gold at Fort Knox and all the coffee in Brazil. The Red Baron was truly one of a kind—and there never will be one like it because nobody, not even Greenamyer, is sure just where all the junk in it came from. Greenamyer is certain there were parts of at least a dozen other planes in it—five dozen is probably a closer figure.

At first sight, any aviation buff would have instantly identified Greenamyer's Red Baron as a Lockheed F-104 Starfighter, a craft that since its debut nearly a quarter of a century ago has received what theatergoers would call mixed reviews. (The F-104 was glamorously described early on as "the missile with a man in it." After scores of fatal crashes, many of them of craft purchased by the West German air force, latter-day non-believers called it "the widowmaker.") In basic configuration and gross capability, the Red Baron certainly was a Lockheed F-104, but just what sort? An F-104-A or an F-104-B? It was part A and part B, and a hell of a lot else.

To be honest and give every material contributor his due, the Red Baron would be designated today as a USAF GE-powered Greenamyer-Lockheed F-104-A-B-C-D-G Starfighter Junkyard Special, and therein was its particular glory. Compared to Greenamyer's dedication, the Wright brothers' effort back in 1903 was slapdash indeed. Orville and Wilbur did not start building their *Flyer I* until 14 months before it flew. Greenamyer began collecting and putting together the myriad parts of his Red Baron 13 years ago. From year to year he roamed the land, from junkyard to junkyard, from one Air Force dump to another, from one Lockheed surplus-parts bin to the next, picking up pieces large and small. The cockpit side panels and some control column bearings of the Red Baron came from the very first production F-104-A, which crashed in Palmdale, Calif., 22 years ago. The tail of the Red Baron, minus stabilizers, came from a junkyard in Ontario, Calif. The stabilizers and some nose wheel parts were from scrap piles in Tucson and Homestead, Fla. The idler arm for the elevator controls, the ejection seat rails and some electrical relays came from an F-104 that crashed and burned at Edwards Air Force Base on the edge of the Mojave Desert. Greenamyer got his throttle quadrant from a

Tennessee flying buff he met at the Reno National Air Races (the Tennessee had been using it as an office decoration).

The trunion mounts for the nose gear, some of the cooling-system valves and a few relays on the Red Baron were no doubt the most unusual parts on any interceptor plane with front-line capability. To get those items at Eglin Air Force Base in north Florida, Greenamyer had to pay \$7,500 for a 25-ton pile of junk that included ammo cans, missile cases, several segments of a helicopter, a Continental piston engine and a refrigerator. What Greenamyer got out of all this was a badly dented F-104 fuselage section that he hoped to patch up and smooth out.

In this day when legal harpies abound and anybody who kisses his mother runs a risk of being sued for doing so, liability naturally is a concern of the government and large corporations building supersonic machinery. For example, back when Greenamyer was trying to soup up his Grumman Bearcat for a go at the piston world record, he suspected that Pratt and Whitney, manufacturers of the engine, had done destruction tests on it. Indeed they had, but they were not willing to let Greenamyer have the data. "If you don't tell me," Greenamyer said, "I will have to find out for myself." Injecting nitromethane into his fuel and exceeding prescribed manifold pressure, he found out what he wanted to know by blowing up three engines, two of them in flight. On the worst occasion, from an altitude of 10,000 feet, he made it dead-stick nearly 40 miles back to a safe strip with 1,000 feet to spare.

There is no law, other than that of logic, to keep anyone from trying to build a plane like the Red Baron. The government, however, is against the idea of civilians possessing such evil war machines, and for that reason, whenever a craft is obsolete or too badly damaged or worn to warrant repair, the major sections of it are usually cut up in such a way that piecing them together would be harder than starting from scratch. As a consequence, in building his Red Baron, Greenamyer had a harder time coming onto major components than the little bits and pieces.

Eight years ago, while he was still casting about for a forward and central fuselage section on which to hang wings and other such necessities, Greenamyer got a hot tip from a Lockheed technical representative. An F-104 of the Puerto

Rican Air National Guard had run off a strip in Savannah. After being shipped back to Puerto Rico, the plane was deemed too far gone for repair. Assured that he could have the fuselage, Greenamyer packed suitable work clothes and flew from his home, which was then in San Valley, Calif., to San Juan. When he arrived, the Guard commander—a Colonel Guillermo or Guillermini, as Greenamyer recalls—was partying with friends. "They continued to party for three days," Greenamyer remembers. "I drank so much rum, after three nights of two hour sleep I was a basket case." To ease Greenamyer's impatience to get at



the rumpled F-104, the colonel promised to have the fuselage stripped, crated and shipped to California. Two days after returning home, Greenamyer heard from the colonel. "Gee, Durrtyl, I gave you that fuselage," the colonel said, "but I forgot to tell the fire marshal, and he just burned it for fire practice." As consolation the colonel added, "Don't worry, Durrtyl. We'll probably crack up another one, and I'll save it for you."

If the world altitude record was to be broken in any kind of F-104 (an F-104-C once held it at 103,400 feet), Greenamyer was the man to try. Before becoming an experimental test pilot in fancier stuff, he was a production test pilot who flew more than 100 F-104s. "That kind of a job is essentially to nuptack about everything," he says. "I fired

the guns, checked the radar, checked the max speed acceleration, the air conditioning, the emergency gear extension, literally everything except the ejection seat." To attempt the altitude record, in his words, "I would travel at 38,000 feet at 2.6 mach [about 1,550 mph]. Then I would rotate upward pulling three Gs until I got a 12-degree angle of attack on the wing. I would hold a 12-degree attack angle until I got a 60-degree climb angle, and I would hold 60 degrees until I got back to a 12-degree angle of attack. Then I would hold the 12-degree angle and it would lead me over the top." Increased thrust would come from

So four months after Darryl Greenamyer broke the world low-altitude speed record, friends were shaking his hand again—only this time they were offering condolences. He had made four test flights in his *Red Baron* in preparation for a try for the altitude record. On the last of these flights, toward dusk, he went up from the Mojave airport to test the power-boosting water-injection system. It worked flawlessly. Exhilarated, Greenamyer made one low, slow pass for photographs, then with 20 minutes of fuel left on the downwind leg of his approach, he lowered the landing gear.

The indicator lights for the right wheel

him, the control tower reported that it was collapsing slightly on impact. Because of the heat generated by friction, if an F-104 is belly landed, configuration is almost a certainty. Because the wing tips are a scant six inches above the belly, total destruction is also very likely. With 10 minutes of fuel left, Greenamyer headed for the Edwards ejection area, 20 miles farther out in the desert. As he climbed to 10,000 feet, he remembered with irony that he had tested every component of more than 100 F-104s, but never an ejection seat, and now he would be using one he had made himself out of scraps.



Flashing along in the "Red Baron" at 990-plus mph, Greenamyer allows that "flying that close to the ground at that speed certainly holds your attention."

a fuel additive of Greenamyer's own conception, and a water-injection system at the engine inlets that, in effect, fools the machinery into thinking it is flying in cooler, more efficient air. Twenty-two miles up there, losing power with very, very little thin air flowing over his control surfaces, a little too much of this or that at the wrong instant and the plane might flop over. If that were to happen, it would tumble six or seven miles back down out of the sky before Greenamyer could have any chance of controlling it.

This was the plan last February, if he failed in his attempt at the record the first time, Greenamyer would tinker with the *Red Baron* and try again. After so many years and so much effort, his only real way out was up.

and the nose wheel went on, but the one for the left wheel did not. Greenamyer changed bulbs, and he raised and lowered the gear half a dozen times, but could not get a safe indication that the left wheel was locked down. While he made another 200-mph pass at 50 feet, a former crewman, Bob Flaherty, stood in the middle of the strip trying to see if the dime-size locking pin of the left wheel was in place. In the failing light, Flaherty could not see the pin of either wheel.

Greenamyer flew 30 miles to Edwards Air Force Base. Because there was no time left for a chase plane to scramble up and try to spot the pin from directly below, Greenamyer bounced the *Red Baron* along the Edwards strip at 200 mph to try to ascertain if the left wheel was locked. The wheel felt spongy to

With five minutes of fuel left, he throttled back to 200 mph, shut down the engine and pulled the ejection ring. The parachute streamed behind him and filled. As he drifted down, he saw his *Red Baron* sinking rapidly below him in straight and level flight as if still manned.

Five miles in front of him, the *Red Baron* did a 180-degree turn, passed low to his left and out of sight behind him. In another minute all the bits and pieces of the *Red Baron*, all the junkyard scraps and surplus parts Greenamyer had carefully assembled for 13 years, were scattered among the tumbleweed and Joshua trees of the Mojave, this time beyond re-collection and repair.

END



If a navigator were to plot the career course of Kenneth Howard Norton, the chart would show a seemingly aimless path of zigzags and curves. This is because for most of the journey Norton wanted to be something other than a fighter. Yet here he is, a man with a piece of the world heavyweight championship, and this Friday night at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas, he defends his WBC title for the first time, facing undefeated and largely unknown Larry Holmes. Norton sees the fight as a screenplay.

"There is a movie script in here somewhere," he was saying at his secluded and serene training base, the unceremoniously named Massacre Canyon Inn at Gilman Hot Springs, Calif. "It was written a long time ago. The names of the players: Norton and Holmes. The supporting cast. The action, every punch, every small drama. And, at the end, the name of the winner. By a knockout. Or a decision. The end is predetermined. It is our destiny. Mine and Larry's."

"I have to believe now that fighting was my destiny," says the 32-year-old ex-Marine. "What else could you call it? Nothing was planned. I never intended to be a fighter. In the Corps I only started boxing because I was unhappy with the football team and I was bored with getting up for reveille every day. As a pro I was just using boxing as a means to meet the right people. I hoped they would open the right doors for me. Boxing wasn't an end, it was a means to an end. When they pay you only \$300 for a 10-round—and it is your 30th fight and you are pushing 29 and raising a young son by yourself—well, you don't sit

around dreaming about being a champion. Not if you are realistic. And hungry. What you think about is finding a good job and starting a new career."

Norton had just showered after a particularly hard workout, and now, dressed in slacks and a T shirt, he sprawled across the king-sized bed in his motel room. From the window he could see his eggshell white Carter-edition Lincoln Mark IV Continental parked under a nearby copse of dogwood trees. At his ranch house in the exclusive La Brea Heights section of Los Angeles there is a buckskin-colored customized Sting Ray, a customized van, a white Silver Cloud Rolls-Royce and a 1978 Ford station wagon. And he has on order a \$50,000 Cienet; only 300 will be made.

Norton is a millionaire, perhaps more than once. Certainly after the Holmes fight he won't be any poorer. His purse for this first title defense will be \$2.7 million. For his last previous fight, the 15-round title-elimination win over Jimmy Young—which led to Norton's being named champion by the WBC—he earned \$1.5 million. He collected small fortunes for his starring roles in the movies *Mandingo* and *Drum*. "Kenny will never need for anything," says Bob Biron, his manager, friend and financial overseer. "All his money is tied up in widows' and orphans' funds. It's safe."

But Norton will not permit himself to forget the time, not many years ago, when he had pressing need for so simple a thing as half a gallon of milk for his son Kenny Jr.

Looking out the window at his Lincoln, Norton became reflective. He thought back to Dec. 13, 1972, the night he fought Charlie Reno 10 tough rounds before 700 people in San Diego. He was paid \$300. His professional record was 29-1. "Those were the desperate years. Life was a monster,"

Norton said. "Once I even planned on robbing a liquor store. I mean, I was going to walk in, hit the dude in the mouth and rip him off. That's how big a monster my life was then. But I could never rob anyone. And for that I can only thank God for the way I was brought up."

Ken Norton was brought up in Jacksonville, Ill., a farming community of 20,000 people near Springfield in the central part of the state. He was born there on Aug. 9, 1945, the only child of middle-income parents: John, a small man, 5'6" but feisty, an engineer in the fire department, and Ruth, a hospital therapist. He admits that they spoiled him badly.

Norton was a gifted athlete early on. He first won public notice in the second grade when he won five events at a Ju-

continued

THE BUGLE CALL CHAMPION

Ken Norton began boxing as a Marine because he hated to get up for reveille. This week he defends his title

by PAT PUTNAM

PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL EPPIDGE

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nior Olympic meet. From that point he just became better, mostly without trying. "Sometimes I think it all came too easily for me," he says. "When you are always bigger and faster and stronger than everyone else, there is never anyone to push you. You never really find out how good you can become."

By the time he was a freshman entering Jacksonville High, where he became a hometown legend in football, basketball and track, Norton had grown to 5' 11" and 156 pounds. When he was graduated in 1961, he was 6' 3" and 198. And by that time he had a physique of the kind cast in bronze and pedestaled in an art museum.

Al Rosenberger, who coached Norton in three sports at Jacksonville, says, "When Ken left us he was all man. His growth in four years was tremendous, but it never seemed to bother him. He grew, but his speed and skill, his agility and his talent, grew with him. His only problem was that he had so much natural ability he was totally unpredictable."

When properly motivated, then as now, Norton could be spectacular. In one track meet he entered eight events on a whim. He won five, finished second in three. As a senior, he amassed 288 points in a single track season, a record that still stands and most likely will never be topped. The following year state athletic officials passed a rule—the Norton Law—limiting an athlete to four events in one meet.

As a football and track star, Norton was sought by 86 colleges, among them Miami, Wisconsin, Northwestern, Illinois, Michigan and Missouri. But he turned down the big-time football powers and went to Northeast Missouri State College, which offered the security of being not very far from home.

Candid as always, Norton admits, "All my life I was involved in sports and in chasing the ladies. I never had to study hard to make good grades. Everything I did was easy. The result was that I was a little spoiled brat, only 17, and an only child who had always been protected, always got what he wanted. I chose a college close to home because ... I don't know if it was a lack of confidence or what. I just didn't want to venture that far from home."

Still, Norton's freshman football sea-

son at college was less than a success, mostly because he tried to play despite a collarbone broken during a fistfight two weeks before the season opened. The bone was broken when the man he fought ran into him with a car. The only other fight he can remember having as a youngster took place when, at the age of 14 and standing 5' 11", he challenged his diminutive father.

"Are you sure?" said John Norton.

"Yes, sir," said Ken.

"Then put up your hands."

As Norton's hands started to come up, his father hit him in the mouth. End of fight.

In his second year at Northeast Missouri, Norton decided college was not for him, and one day, without a word to anyone, he enlisted in the Marines.

"I was afraid of becoming a teacher and going home and getting stuck there," he says. "I could see nothing but doing nothing day after day. I never had any racial problems at home, because I was a good athlete. But there was a lot of prejudice in the town, and for blacks there was no chance of advancement. The best thing a black could become in that town was a policeman."

Norton saw the Marine Corps as a challenge. He knew if he made it through, he'd come out a better man. Never before had he been made to accept responsibility, not even for himself. It was a choice he has never regretted. "The Corps taught me who I was and what color I was. I didn't know I was black. But in the Corps everything is on a one-one basis, and I found out what color I was, and it made me proud to be black. For that, I am grateful to the Corps."

Trained to be a radioman, Norton was assigned to Camp Lejeune, and soon he was a left halfback on the football team. There was another left halfback—a white officer. Norton didn't play much. Discouraged, he quit the squad, and at the urging of a friend he went out for the boxing team.

Until that moment he had only watched a few fights on television with his father. Now he discovered he liked the sport; at the same time—as an otherwise accomplished athlete—he was embarrassed by his incompetence. Not until everyone else had left the gym would he jump rope or shadowbox. He was too self-conscious to train in front

of others. It was several steps down from his accustomed star status.

The only real boxing coach he ever had, Pappy Dawson, was killed in a bus accident two weeks after Norton joined the team. After that Norton learned by watching others. He would show up early at tournaments and watch every bout. In his first year he won 10 of 11 fights, mostly on muscle. He became a three-time All-Marine champion and in 1967 won the Pan-American Trials. Then he was told they were taking another heavyweight to the Games. They told Norton his style wasn't "international" enough. He never fought as an amateur again.

When he left the Marines, Norton was approached by Art Rivkin, a San Diego Coca-Cola distributor who had refereed several of his service fights. Rivkin wanted him to turn pro. He said he could put together a group of four businessmen who would pay him \$100 a week plus a share of his purses.

Norton had never considered fighting as a professional, but he feared his only other prospect was a return to Jacksonville. He had been married while in the Marines, but that had gone sour and he was left alone with an infant son. A boxing career, he decided, would give him the opportunity to meet a variety of people, to knock on a few doors, and it would give him time to discover what he really wanted to do with his life. Rivkin, Byron, Lloyd Schunemann and A. B. Polansky became his backers.

"The picture Art pointed for me was so vivid I could just visualize all the money I'd be raking in," Norton says. "What I made was zikh. What my son and I lived on was that \$100 a week. For one hell of a long time."

Although his backers lived in San Diego, it was decided that Norton would live and train in Los Angeles. Sparring partners were scarce in San Diego. Eddie Futch, who lived in L.A., became Norton's trainer and, for the moment, his manager or record.

In his pro debut on Nov. 14, 1967, Norton knocked out Grady Brazell in five rounds. He won his first 16 fights, all by knockout. Then on July 2, 1972 Norton was knocked out by Jose Luis Garcia, whom he later destroyed in five rounds. That loss to Garcia—for which Norton blames overconfidence—was only a temporary setback; he won his next 13 fights.

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eight of them inside the limit. His record was now 30-1. His bank balance was zero.

At one point during the bleak years Norton called home. "Dad, can you send me some money?" he asked. "I can't make it here. I want to come home."

"No," said John Norton. "Ken, if you quit now, the next hard thing that comes along you'll quit that, too. No, you stick with it. You've got to finish something. Finish this."

With a rueful smile, Norton says that if his father had sent him the money he'd now be back in Jacksonville. And, most likely, a policeman.

"I was desperate," he says. "There was never enough of anything—money, food, clothing. I'd leave Kenny with some people while I trained, and then I'd purposely stay late. I knew if I didn't come home they'd feed him. A lot of people were awfully good to Kenny and me during those years. The people must have known what I was doing, but they never said a word. It was during those times that I actually considered robbing a liquor store. Or a supermarket. When a man is desperate enough, when he has a family to feed and no money, I guess he'll consider anything."

If Norton never considered becoming heavyweight champion, Bob Byron, now 65, gave even less thought to becoming a fight manager. He has been a vice-president of Northrup Aircraft, of TWA, of General Dynamics and vice-chancellor of the University of California at San Diego. At present he is a major Southern California real-estate developer and the owner of the La Jolla Village Inn in San Diego. "Kenny is the only fighter I've ever had, and he's the only one I ever will have," says Byron, who, as a law student, was on the boxing team at the University of Minnesota. "I'm still amazed that I ever got involved in boxing at all."

"At first I was content just to be one of the backers. Futch was doing a good job. In the beginning he handpicked the opponents, getting all the old trial horses for Kenny to bang away on. But then, as his career progressed, it was apparent Ken needed my experience as a negotiator. At one point in Kenny's career, all the money was going to the opponents, to the James J. Woodys and the Jack

O'Hallorans. We needed them, and it cost money to bring them from the East. To get opponents like that, all we could get from the promoter was a percentage of what was left over. And a lot of times we'd get nothing. A lot of times we'd dip into our own pockets and give Kenny \$300 or \$400 as a token."

But on March 31, 1973, Norton finally got the big break. Shopping for a soft touch, Muhammad Ali's people offered him \$50,000 to fight the then ex-champion for (and here they laughed) 12 rounds. Norton told them that for \$50,000 he'd fight the Russian army.

A few weeks before the fight Byron received a telephone call from Bob Arum, the promoter. "Hey," Arum said, "can your guy last more than two rounds? If not, with the fight on ABC, we are going to look awful silly."

Byron told Arum not to worry about it.

Howard Cosell, who did the fight telecast, called it the worst mismatch in boxing's history, a disgrace. That was before the fight. Later, after Norton had broken Ali's jaw on his way to an easy upset victory by decision, Cosell made it a point to apologize.

"Kenny, you made me look silly," he said.

"That's O.K., Howard," Norton said. "You always look silly."

Six months later—and this time for \$750,000 on closed-circuit TV—Norton fought Ali again. This time the judges gave Ali the victory, by a split decision. From those two fights, Norton was catapulted into a title shot in March 1974 against George Foreman in Caracas, but Foreman stopped him in the second round.

The only thing Norton will say about it is, "No excuse. That night George was the better fighter."

What Norton refuses to discuss are the threats made against his life before the fight. He spent the last week in Caracas surrounded by armed guards, even while he slept. And Foreman, for one reason or another, was threatening to call off the fight right up to the final moment.

"Everywhere Ken went he was surrounded by people with machine guns," Byron says. "Until two hours before the fight we didn't know if it was on or off. At that point Kenny was still in his hotel room. I called and he was rushed

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to the arena. By this time he had come apart mentally. His eyes were glazed. I doubt if he knew his own name. All that confusion, all that uproar had disturbed him greatly. I never should have let him go on."

Just before the Foreman fight, Futch had quit and moved to Philadelphia to train Joe Frazier, who once had paid Norton \$400 a week to be his sparring partner. Norton's new trainer was Bill Slayton, a 56-year-old former linebacker in the old Pacific Coast Conference who drove a truck by day and trained young fighters by night. Slayton's major credits were that he had trained Jerry Quarry for his first four pro fights, and he had taken Adolph Pruitt, a good welterweight, to three title bouts.

Slayton is a powerful man with a gentle nature and a delightful low-key sense of humor. He was the perfect choice to train the sometimes moody Norton. If Futch developed Norton's talents,

Slayton honed them to a fine edge.

"At first Kenny was afraid I was going to try and change his style," says Slayton. "I told him I wasn't there to change things, just improve on them. After a few weeks I noticed his little idiosyncrasies and I adjusted to them. You know, he's like a little kid sometimes. I'm an Aries, and I'm stubborn, but I'll learn. He's a Leo, and you know about them—they aren't going any way but their own. We have our little spots, but nothing serious. He'll pout for a couple of hours and then he'll get over it. It's important that I get along with him, not him with me. He's the one who should be comfortable. And once you learn his ways, he's a very beautiful guy."

What Slayton did for Norton mostly was shorten his punches, adding accuracy while taking away none of the sting. Norton had been something of a free swinger, his powerful punches delivered in long loops, and when he missed, he

missed badly. He is a pressing fighter, always moving forward, crouched and weaving, his great arms folded across his body in a defense favored by Archie Moore. His jab flicks up and out, the gloves picking off punches almost casually.

Norton's best punch is a hook to the body, and his right uppercut, an unusual weapon, is devastating. But in spite of his knockout record—32 in 44 fights—he does not have that one big punch, like, say, a Louis or a Frazier. He punishes with bursts, each blow effective but not a destroyer in itself.

"That's what I have to keep telling him," Slayton says. "After he knocked out Duane Bobick in one round, he came out thinking he was a big puncher. Well, he isn't. If I let him think that, he'll get wild again, and then, oh, Lord, we'll have problems."

Since his loss to Foreman, Norton has had 11 fights, including the con-

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troubling loss to Ali in their third match in 1976. Only three other fights, the first of them a knockout of Quarry in the fifth round, were of any significance. It was after the Quarry fight, his 37th as a professional and after he had already fought twice for the title, that Norton finally decided he was going to make boxing his career. At last, he stopped looking for other employment. "That's when I got to thinking, 'Hey, these chumps aren't any better than me,'" he says. "Then I could see that with just a little more work, with a little more effort, I could make it. I had made the movie *Mandingo* after the Foreman fight, and then I came back and watched the Quarry-Frazier fight films.

"I really got motivated, Quarry didn't show me that much. I had worked with Frazier, and I felt I was on the same level with Joe, and I was still improving. I had started to fight late in my life. Each fight had been a learning experience. I was still learning. That's when I started thinking world champion, and not to just use boxing as a stepping-stone to something else. Now I was motivated into going for the title for the first time in my career. Quarry was just the first step in that direction."

Step 2 was the one-round knockout of Bobick. Step 3 was the 15-round decision over Young. Then, a few months ago, when new heavyweight champion Leon Spinks backed out of a promised fight with Norton in favor of a return match with Ali, the WBC gave Norton its version of the world championship and told him to defend it first against Holmes. That's what he will be doing Friday night.

"I guess it all goes back to what my father told me," says Norton. "A man should never give up on himself. I have a saying now, what the mind can conceive, the body can achieve. In life you have to keep pounding away. Everyone has ups and downs, but you really show what you are made of when you bounce back from defeat. You may slip and fall once in a while, but if you get up and keep walking you'll get to where you want to go."

He doubles up a size 13 fist, and he laughs, breaking the somber mood. "And now," he says, "let me show you what destiny has in store for that bighorned Lorry Holmes."

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BETWEEN THE CLACKS, THE FACTS



A TELEGRAPH KEY, SAYS HEALY, KEEPS THEM AWAKE

He does five shows a day, five days a week. The big one, he says, falls at the 5:30 to 5:45 p.m. slot known as "drive time," when his homebound audience is trapped in cars on the Los Angeles freeways. Listening to most radio shows aired at this time, motorists tend to be more irritated by traffic than interested in what is being broadcast. But among those who tune in Metromedia's KLAC and hear Jim Healy for the first time, there is an urge to wheel for the nearest off-ramp and pay attention.

Healy is a 54-year-old throwback to the unvarnished, unbranded-collar days of radio. "Some sports people call me Dr. Heckle and Mr. Smile," he says. "And some call me a lot of other things as well. But I do the kind of stuff that isn't pap."

Healy is being modest. In addition to avoiding pap on his show, Healy punctuates his stems with a clacker. Nobody has used a clacker since the 1950s when the late Walter Winchell would bark, "Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. North and South America and all the ships at sea... let's go to press!" A clacker, for those too young to remember, is the amplified sound of a telegraph key sending messages in Morse code. "I like the pace of it," Healy says. "Those of us in radio have come up with things like that to keep the folks from falling asleep." To that end, Healy also serves as his own engineer, inserting other background sounds, commercials, music and laugh

tracks into each broadcast. But the clacker is the main gimmick.

Watching Healy edit and announce *The Jim Healy Show* reminds one of that marvelous *Wizard of Oz* scene in which actor Frank Morgan generated all the sounds and magic of Oz from behind a curtain. "Clackety, clack, clack. Dateline—Anaheim. It's two Zops for a beer at Angel home games, and for 50¢ extra you can get a handle to hold it with. Better go for the extra 50¢. Otherwise, when you grab hold of the

cup, your beer will spray all over Orange County. Clackety, clack, clack. UCLA has yet to sign a single top high school basketball player while USC—USC—is doing a fantastic job and has already signed two. Clackety, clack, clack."

Healy tries to cram 50 items—"all different and hard-hitting"—into each 15-minute broadcast. His efforts, however wild, have won him three Greater Los Angeles Press Club awards, four Golden Mike from the Radio-TV News Association of Southern California and three Associated Press awards for the best sports segment in radio. "I've been doing this for more than 30 years in Los Angeles. I haven't been sued yet and don't intend to be," he says.

It seems a wonder that he hasn't been, because Healy does not stop at the California border. He takes on top sports personalities all around the country. UCLA Athlete Director J. D. Morgan is "J. D. Boredom," and Michigan's Bo Schembechler becomes "Blow-Top Bo." Even Chuck Hearn, the beloved Laker announcer, who also works for KLAC, does not escape. Healy constantly rides Hearn, calling him "Chicken-Burger."

Healy may be the first sports announcer to criticize other sports announcers, and he has zingers for all of them. "Clackety, clack, clack. Is TV basketball commentator Al McGuire trying to become another Dirty Dean? Sample of McGuire's exquisite command of the

English language—"It was a horrible foul. It could have went either way." Howard Cosell also is one of Healy's targets. "Clackety, clack, clack. Alibi of the century! It has taken How-wud Cosell five months, but he has finally manufactured an alibi for his terrible work on the 1977 World Series telecasts. You won't believe how How-wud explained it to a San Francisco newspaperman. 'I purposely mimicked Vin Scully's clichés, and sure enough, the writers jumped on me for using sports jargon.' Comment: no comment!"

It is Healy's contention that the best year-round story in Los Angeles is the plight of the Rams: "USC football outdraws the Rams at the gate, but when it comes to conversation around town, the Rams beat the Trojans by better than 3 to 1," he says. "Concern about the Dodgers is always large, but the Angels are moving up. Slowly. I also report TV ratings on my show—which telecasts did well and which didn't. Anyone who believes that fans don't know the meaning of ratings, particularly in this town, is naive."

Healy first worked as a reporter for the *Hollywood Citizen-News*, and in 1951 began writing copy for the late Bob Kelley, one of L.A.'s most celebrated announcers. "I got my first chance when Kelley didn't show up one day," Healy says. "It was at KMPC, which carried the Rams and UCLA games and Pacific Coast League baseball. I just went on the air over those 50,000 watts and did the show. I started getting chances to do my own program right away. The rule in those days was that you couldn't knock the Rams, UCLA or the PCL. Now we carry the Lakers on KLAC, but I knock them pretty good."

The lights on Healy's phone seem to be constantly flashing with incoming tips. He was the first to announce the free-agent report on Catfish Hunter, and he is usually first in town with coaching changes and player trades. This winter Healy scored a coup with the story of Seattle Slew's syndication a week before it was officially announced. "I have a lot of sources in front offices," he says, "and people in sports always have axes to grind. But for every call that comes in, about five go out to check on the story. Los Angeles is a fascinating town for an announcer to work in." And considering that clacker, a forgering town is well.

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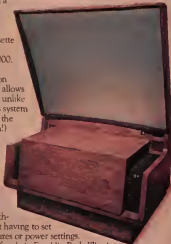
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As play in the U.S. Open unfolds in Denver next week, do not be surprised if sooner or later (probably sooner) you see the name Funseth on the leader board, along with the likes of Nicklaus, Player, Watson and Green. Rod Funseth has been up there before, a leader in major championships a remarkable number of times for a man who in 17 years on the tour has won only twice and has never been among the top 20 money-winners in any year.

Take the most recent Masters—which in fact Funseth almost did. His name first appeared around noon on Friday, the second day of the tournament. He had started the morning at one over par, five shots out of first place, but suddenly he began making birdies all over Augusta. He came home with a 66, and when all the scores were in he was the Masters co-leader after 36 holes, tied with Lee Trevino. Funseth had been on top before at the Masters. In 1977 he shared the 36-hole lead with Tom Watson. Watson, of course, went on to win, so speculation among the superstitious at Augusta on Friday evening was that perhaps Trevino might win this year, that being tied with Funseth was some sort of omen. No one thought for a moment that Funseth would win—nor did he, though he hung in till the very end.

A part of Funseth's problem—maybe the biggest part—seems to be that he himself never thinks he can win. The year before, when he and Watson were tied, he had startled everyone in the Augusta press room by flatly stating that he would not win, could not win, that his game could not hold up. "Besides," he said, "they probably don't have a green jacket to fit me."

Remarks like that make Sandi Funseth squirm: they have tortured her for more than a decade. Sandi is a superbly confident person; years ago she was a national water-ski champion. It has taken her a good many of her 13 years of marriage to Funseth to adjust to what she openly refers to as her husband's negative attitude. "In my family we were all positive thinkers," she says. "I can't tell you how many players have told me how good Rod could be if



LOOK FOR THE MAN EARLY, NOT LATE

he only stopped thinking negatively."

Funseth's lengthy appearance on the 1978 Masters leader board represented his best effort ever toward actually winning a major championship. As you may recall, he was that third fellow, along with Watson and Hubert Green, battling for the lead all the way down the backstretch on Sunday only to find that Player, who had been three holes ahead, was sitting in the clubhouse with the low score. Even so, Funseth had his moments in the spotlight of national television, including a 20-foot birdie attempt at the final green which, had the putt fallen, would have given him a tie. It barely missed. Player was the winner and Funseth could go back to being non-winner Rod Funseth.

As best he can recall, Funseth first popped up on a U.S. Open leader board in 1972 when he shot 73-73-146 for 36 holes at Pebble Beach. That was just two strokes behind co-leader and eventual winner Jack Nicklaus. Two early

Rod Funseth is always showing up on leader boards at important events. The problem is that he never stays

by WALTER BINGHAM

continued

birdies the next day put him in a tie for the lead, but disaster struck on the back nine. His drive on the 12th, a par 3, caught a branch and went out-of-bounds; he lost his composure and rocketed to an 84. So long, leader board. He finished the Open tied for 25th.

Two years later, at Winged Foot, his Open appearance was brief but bright. He teed off early Thursday morning and birdied five of the first seven holes. Nobody does that to a U.S. Open course. The leader board barely had time to react to this remarkable explosion when Funseth came back to earth. He finished the day with a 73. By midday Friday he had retreated into the safety of the pack, winding up in a tie for 30th.

In Atlanta in 1976 Funseth also made a serious attempt to win the Open. "I started late on Thursday," he recalls. "The leader board was filled with guys at even par or one over. I birdied the 1st hole and up went my name. It stayed there the whole week. In fact when I birdied the 2nd hole, I was the leader."

As late as Sunday morning Funseth was tied for fifth, five strokes behind the leader, but a last-round 75—"I bogeyed five of the last eight holes"—put him in a tie for 11th, 10 strokes behind winner Jerry Pate, with whom he had been tied after 36 holes.

And, yes, at last year's Open in Tulsa, Funseth was very much a part of the battle. His first-round 69 gave him a share of the lead and a 70 placed him in a tie for fourth after 36 holes. All Saturday afternoon he was on the board as one of a cluster of players a stroke or two behind Green, the winner. But every time it seemed as though he might take the lead himself, a bogey would drop him back. On the front nine the last day he was technically in contention, but five bogeys in the last seven holes sent him reeling back to 10th place.

So you see, Funseth knows what life at the top is like, but having sniffed at it a number of times, he is apparently more content several rungs down. When Watson was dueling Nicklaus on the back nine of last year's classic British Open, Watson said, "This is what it's all about, isn't it?" And Nicklaus agreed, both players reveling in the struggle. Did Funseth feel any of that at Augusta this year when he, Player, Watson and Green were

struggling for the Masters title? "If that's fun," he says with almost a sheepish grin, "I'd rather do something else."

Obviously Funseth must be doing something right even to reach the lofty positions from which he inevitably falls. Driving is one thing. At 45, he is still one of the longer hitters on the tour. And he is straight, which is handy for U.S. Opens, with their narrow fairways and thick rough. He is a deadly chipper, one of the best. But if you ask him about putting, he will tell you he is one of the worst. "Dan Sikes claims I'm the only player he knows of who has improved with age as a putter. I used to be terrible. Now I'm just bad."

There's that old attitude again. Funseth says it's not so much that he lacks confidence but that he is a realist and that when he is up against such players as Watson, Green and Player, the odds on his winning are small. Sandy Funseth counters with this story: The evening after Rod had set a course-record 65 at Riviera in the third round of the 1973 Los Angeles Open, thereby taking a one-stroke lead, he phoned her the good news. She congratulated him, whereupon he informed her that while indeed he was one stroke in the lead, he was also only 17 strokes out of last place. Whereupon she informed him that she planned on drinking champagne the following night and if it didn't work out that way, he'd better not come home. Funseth shot a cool 69 the next day to win by three, the second victory of his career. He has not won since.

Funseth's only other success, the 1965 Phoenix Open, gave Sandy the wrong impression of what life with him would be like. They had met several weeks before in the starter's tent at Pebble Beach during the Crosby. She was recovering from a broken leg, which she had sustained in a sking-snow, not water-accident. They saw each other a lot during the California segment of the tour, and when it moved to Arizona, Rod went with it. He was anxious to fly back and visit Sandy but lacked the money. "Win the next tournament or two and you can," she told him. So Funseth went out, won Phoenix, flew back and married Sandy. The new Mrs. Funseth, positive thinker that she is, figured that's the way it would be every week.

"That was the most difficult thing I

had to adjust to when we were first married," Sandy says. "The fact that Rod wouldn't go out there and win regularly. It took me a while to understand that I have a winner as a person, a wonderful husband and father."

A scrapbook of Funseth's achievements in golf could be entitled "Funseth Leads." Along with close calls in Masters and Opens, he has been on the brink of victory in many lesser events. He led Greensboro after three rounds in 1971, then lost to Buddy Allin in a playoff. He once led the Hope after 54 holes—"But that's a 90-hole tournament," Funseth naturally points out. Two years after he won Phoenix he led again after three rounds, but Julius Boros beat him. This year at Phoenix he led by two after 36. Miller Barber won. And so on.

Setting in his living room in Napa, Calif., discussing his career, Funseth rests his chin in the palm of his right hand, partially covering his mouth, as if anything coming out of it might be unimportant. Stories he tells about himself tend to be self-deprecating or involve hard luck. For instance, in 1973 he was all but assured of a place on the Ryder Cup team going into the Western Open, the last event of the Ryder Cup points. To lose his spot, certain things had to happen: Billy Casper had to win, J. C. Snead had to finish fifth or better, Arnold Palmer ninth or better. Funseth was in Japan when he learned that all three players had done what they had to do and that he had missed the team by half a point.

"And I'd always dreamed of representing the United States in competition," he adds rather poignantly.

Another Funseth story: When TV coverage of the 1972 Open at Pebble Beach went on, the announcer at the long par-5 14th told the audience, "No one gets on in two on this hole." Playing the hole minutes earlier, Funseth had indisputably reached the green in two.

Rod and Sandy Funseth live in a ranch-style house beside the 12th hole of the Silverado Country Club in Napa. They have two children—Lisa, 11, and Mark, 10, a promising golfer. There is a pool in the backyard and a separate cabana where the kids and their friends can play without dismantling the house. Just down the road the Funseths have five acres where they keep a few horses. Land prices being what they are around

continued



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Funseth has never had a lot of money and he is not embarrassed to admit he is thrifty. "If I go out to dinner and see the meat is \$10 and the fish \$5, I'll take the fish," he says. "It's better for me anyway. I figure that's \$5 I can send my mother."

Gladys Funseth lives in Spokane, where Rod grew up. "She's 69 and was voted the most improved golfer of the year at the club where she plays," Funseth says. Rod's father, who is dead, was born in Sweden, where von Seth is a common name. "I was told it means royalty," says Rod. "I'm not sure how our name became Funseth." Carl Funseth was a salesman in a clothing store in Spokane. "He never made any money," says Funseth.

One day when Rod was about 11, his parents played a round of golf with Rod and his older brother Carl as caddies. The seed was planted. The two brothers began hitting shots in a field behind the house and before long they were competing in the junior city championships, several times against each other. Rod worked at a variety of golf jobs after school and on weekends—starter, greenkeeper and eventually in pro shops. Much of the playing he did was on the sly. At one place, the Downtree Golf Course in Spokane, the pro drove a '41 yellow Oldsmobile. "We learned to run when we saw yellow," he recalls. He would also play just before dark, hitting the ball and sprinting after it. If the moon was full, he would continue. "I think that's how I learned to play so fast," he says. The PGA has recently ranked its touring pros according to speed, in an effort to crack down on slow play. Funseth is the fastest on the tour.

When Funseth graduated from North Central High School in Spokane in 1951, he spent a semester at the University of Idaho, then returned to Washington, where he went to work for the Navy as a draftsman in the Bremerton shipyards. He continued to play a lot of golf, competing in a variety of amateur events in the Pacific Northwest. He showed such promise that in 1956 a group of local businessmen sponsored him on the tour to see how he would do. He played in 10 tournaments as an amateur and in one, the Caliente Open in Tijuana, Mexico,

he led with eight holes to play before he slipped—thus setting the pattern—so a tie for third, three strokes behind Mike Souchak. Even so, that was better than two promising young pros, Billy Casper and Gene Littler.

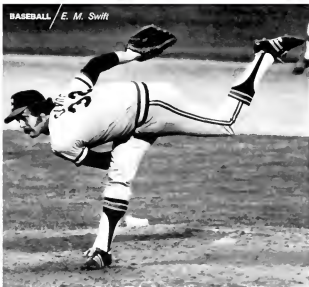
Encouraged, Funseth turned pro and began working at a variety of clubs, including Thunderbird in Palm Springs and, briefly, Winged Foot in Mamaroneck, N.Y. Although he made appearances on the tour—he achieved his first earnings, \$900, in 1961 for finishing tied for 11th in the Carling Open Invitational—the security of the club pro jobs he held, plus a series of injuries to his rib cage, kept him from playing full time until 1965. In the 13 years since, his best showing was in 1973, his Los Angeles Open year, when he earned \$89,145, which placed him 29th on the money list. His worst was in 1977, his \$25,400 putting him 92nd on the list.

Partly for this reason, partly because of his age—"I don't know too many of the young guys on the tour," he says—and partly because of aches and pains, Funseth thinks about giving up the tour. At Greensboro this year, just before the Masters, a couple of fingers on his right hand were hurting so badly he considered quitting right then. Altering his grip slightly, he was able to continue. Because his earnings have dropped below the top 60, he is exempt from Monday qualifying this year only because his career earnings, \$511,896 at the start of the year, were in the top 50 lifetime. As a matter of fact, they were exactly 50th.

However, under PGA rules a player is allowed to use that exemption only once, so Funseth can not fall back on it again in 1979. Fortunately, his second-place finish at Augusta earned him \$20,000, and with \$36,000 in winnings so far this year, he should make the top 60 and be free, if he wishes, to play at least one more year.

Many veteran players need never worry about such things because they can generally get a sponsor's exemption, the sponsor of a tournament being glad to have someone like Doug Sanders, Bruce Devlin or Gay Brewer in the field. But as Funseth himself says, "I've never been a gallery draw. Who wants a Rod Funseth?"

Just possibly a lot more people than he thinks. **END**



Clyde's off the schneid

He had not won a major league game in four seasons, but when erstwhile Ranger phenom David Clyde moved to Cleveland, he changed his delivery and his luck

If you think for a moment that baseball fans do not stick by the heroes—fallen or otherwise—whom they create, you should have been at Arlington Stadium on the night of May 16, when the Texas Rangers flashed the news on the scoreboard that David Clyde of the Cleveland Indians had just pitched a win over the Oakland A's. It was Clyde's first major league victory since May 15, 1974. Light applause emanated from the stands as pockets of fans saw the message, and then when players pointed to the scoreboard from the Ranger dugout, more people took notice and began clapping. Soon a genuine ovation burst in warm salute to the former Ranger left-hander who once was the top draft choice in the nation and had been hailed as the second coming of Bob Feller. Never mind that Clyde's overall record with Texas had been a pitiful 7-18 and that he had spent every inning but seven in the past

four seasons in the minors. This was their David, the kid from Houston's Westchester High, the good ole home-grown boy who had moseyed his way deep into the hearts of Texans by providing the Rangers with the most splendid night in their history.

That well-chronicled event occurred on June 27, 1973, when Clyde, then an 18-year-old only 19 days out of high school, started against the Minnesota Twins and beat them 4-3 before the Rangers' first sellout crowd. In five innings on the mound he gave up one hit—a two-run homer—and struck out eight, including three straight in a storybook first inning. "That night was the living of a dream," Clyde says. "There are no words to describe it. That whole year was a dream."

The next whole year was something else. Clyde made a rapid descent from cloud nine to the bench. After starting

off 3-0, he lost his last nine decisions and spent the second half of the season idly watching his team fight for the pennant instead of learning the craft of pitching. "It was a wasted year for me," he says. "I didn't learn a thing. Physically I was ready for the majors, but mentally I wasn't. I was trying to live up to everyone's expectations and pressed much too hard. Off the field, I messed up my marriage. Looking back on it, I think that I was pretty close to some sort of breakdown. It really surprises me that more people haven't cracked up in this game."

In 1975 the Rangers gave Clyde his first taste of the majors, which was where most baseball men felt he should have been to begin with. After an encouraging 12-8 performance at Pittsfield, Mass.—to date his only winning season professionally—Clyde was shifted to Sacramento, where he had an abysmal 0-4 record and 8.67 ERA before undergoing surgery on his left shoulder to correct an entrapped nerve. Last year he pitched in Tucson for yet another Texas farm club. There, throwing off a delivery Cleveland Manager Jeff Torborg lyrically calls "a collection of corrections," Clyde endured his most depressing season, finishing with a 5-7 record, an earned run average of 5.84 and 119 walks in 128 innings. He lacked each "C" of the pitcher's big three—concentration, confidence and control—and his career had never looked bleaker. When Texas mercifully traded Clyde on Feb. 28, the best it could get for him and aging Designated Hitter Willie Horton, who was really the main man in the deal, was Cleveland's 31-year-old Relief Pitcher Tom Buskey, who had a lifetime 12-15 record, and Outfielder John Lowenstein, a .239 career hitter.

Shortly after the trade, Cleveland Pitching Coach Harvey Haddix and Manager Torborg saw a film of their new acquisition that had been taken when Clyde was pitching in Tucson. "There was no way a man could be a successful pitcher the way they had David throwing," says Haddix. "He was a combination of everyone's ideas. He was using a no-windup thing that had him jumping out at the hitter, striding too long and throwing the ball too late. We got him to go back to throwing naturally. Once he did that, there was no question in my mind that he would win games—if he

continued

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threw strikes. The stuff was there. His fastball travels at between 90 and 95 mph. He's got what I call the good old-fashioned Carl Erskine curveball. It breaks straight down."

The key to Clyde's comeback was throwing strikes. He slowed his delivery—"85% of pitching problems are caused by rushing the delivery," says Haddix—and relaxed his wrist. "You've got to be loosey-goosey out there," says Clyde. "There's an awfully fine line between trying 100% and pressing too hard. I finally learned that." Sticking strictly to three pitches, a fastball, curve and palm ball, Clyde regained his high school smoothness. But his wildness remained. Then Torborg noticed an odd thing about the pitcher's gait as he watched Clyde sauntering about one day. "When you see him walk," his manager says, "he's up on his toes. He was pitching like that, too, shooting away and trying to come down again. So I told him to break down his left leg and drive through low. Son-of-a-gun—wish that he started to find the plate."

Sonofagun, when David Clyde started to find the plate, American League batters started to find out what all the fuss was about five years ago. Following the May 16 win over Oakland, which Clyde calls "the best-pitched game of my life," he beat Baltimore 3-2 with relief help. Then on May 27 he went all the way to defeat the Orioles 6-2. That victory ran his record to 3-0, where it remained at the end of last week. His ERA was 2.31, despite a no-decision start last Friday against Milwaukee, in which he gave up a bundle of cheap hits and five runs. Most important, as a starter Clyde had allowed only 2 walks per 9 innings. "My goal is to pitch 200 innings this year," he says. "If I do that, the wins will take care of themselves."

And if he does that, Clyde, at 23, will finally shake the image of a high school phenom who flashed in the pan one night long ago in Texas. Soft spoken, happily remarried and as quietly confident in his own ability as he was at 18, Clyde says, "Some people have been joking about me becoming the youngest player to win the Comeback Player of the Year award. No way. You've got to have been successful in the past to qualify, and as I understand it, high school ball doesn't count."

After this year—or last—it shouldn't have to.

THE WEEK

(May 28-June 3)
by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL WEST With more than one-fourth of the season completed, some startling statistics indicate a considerable decline in offense. National League batters are batting 12 points less (.252) than at this time last season, have connected for 90 fewer homers—a 19.1% dropoff—and are scoring at a 9.3% slower pace. No team was less productive last week than the Astros (3-4), who batted .195 and had only nine extra-base hits and two steals. Nonetheless, Houston beat San Francisco 1-0 behind the pitching of Mark Lemongello and a ninth-inning sacrifice fly by Jesus Alou. Then the Astros nudged the Cardinals 2-1 when Jose Cruz hit a two-run homer in the last of the ninth. It did not help Houston's puny attack that Cesar Cedeño, angered by his failure to hit in the clutch, punched the dugout roof and was sidelined with an injured hand.

Also furious was Manager Roger Craig of San Diego (3-3), who was so upset by the Padres' blundering play and sloppy hitting that he said, "The country club is closed." However, extra workouts ordered by Craig could not prevent another costly boo-boo—a balk by Bob Ojochio that gave the Mets a 3-2 decision. San Diego's Shirley-Jones pitching combination was singing along as it accounted for all the Padre wins. Bob Shirley hummed the ball past Los Angeles for a 3-1 victory, and Randy Jones had two performances of note, beating Cincinnati 3-1 and New York 5-4. Jones, again sporting the Orphan Annie hairdo he wore when he won the Cy Young Award in 1976, has been 4-1 with a 1.67 ERA since the end of April. All three San Diego victors were locked up by Rolfe Fingers, who leads the majors with 12 saves.

Reliever Jamie Easterly of Atlanta (2-4) was credited with his first save and first win. After preserving a 5-3 victory over Philadelphia, Easterly became a 4-3 winner against Cincinnati when Gary Matthews homered in the bottom of the 10th. But a cramp was put in the Braves' already varied attack when Brian Asselme dislocated his left ankle.

On Senior Citizens Night in Montreal, the crucial moment was a 10th-inning matchup between Willie McCovey, 40, of the Giants, and the oldest Expo, 36-year-old Reliever Derold Knowles. The score was tied 5-5 at the time, but McCovey unknowned it with a game-winning single. Helping San Francisco (4-2) move 4½ lengths ahead of third-place Los Angeles was a pinch grand slam by Mike Ivie that decked the Dodgers 6-5. Ed Halicki's 8-1 defeat of Houston left him with a 1.92 ERA during his last 64 innings against the Astros. "I noticed that when Vida Blue

kicks to throw, he keeps his right elbow tucked in," Bob Knepper said of his fellow Giant pitcher. "I tried that for the first time against Houston and felt unbeatable." He was, Knepper trimmed Houston 1-0 on five hits.

With Second Baseman Davey Lopes nursing a pulled chest muscle and Rick Monday strained leg muscles, Los Angeles (3-3) sputtered. But Lee Lacy, who filled in for Lopes, slugged home runs in 9-6 and 10-2 wins over the Padres.

Hurting, too, were Johnny Bench, Joe Morgan, Dan Driessen and Cesar Geronimo of Cincinnati (4-2). Still, the Reds stayed within half a game of the top as George Foster had 10 RBIs and four homers. Pinch-hit home runs also helped the Reds, Mike Lum's three-run blast in the eighth beating the Braves 7-5 and Bench's two-out, last-of-the-ninth walk-off toppling the Pirates 3-2.

SF 31-17 CIN 32-19 LA 27-22
HOU 22-26 SD 22-27 ATL 18-29

NL EAST Silvio Martinez, who speaks little English, and George Hendrick, who speaks little, came through loud and clear for St. Louis (4-4). Martinez, 22, gave up only one hit, Steve Henderson's homer in the seventh, in his first big league start as he beat the Mets 8-2. The only other National League to pitch a one-hitter in his debut as a starter was Juan Marichal, who like Martinez came from the Dominican Republic. Hendrick broke his policy of silence toward the media by sitting for an interview after being acquired from San Diego. More important, he made superb plays in centerfield and hit a three-run homer.

"We saw a scouting report on the Pirates that said Rich Gossage and Terry Foster were pitching well, and they're not even with the club anymore," complained Ross Grimsley of the inept Montreal scouting system. Without any report on the Cubs, the Expos (4-2) nailed the division leaders in three straight games—4-2 as Grimsley allowed just four hits, 7-4 behind Steve Rogers and 9-1 when Rudy May pitched a five-hitter. During that sweep, Outfielders Ellis Valentine, Andrew Dawson and Warren Cromartie were 14 for 33 (.424) and had 12 RBIs. Grimsley (9-2) then beat the Giants 5-3.

Chicago (3-3) labored to a pair of wins over Atlanta. Manny Trillo's single in the 11th settled the first game 2-1, and then a four-run seventh made the Cubs 8-6 victors.

Along with hitting .458, Barry Maddox of Philadelphia (4-2) stole eight bases to lead the Phillie Phanatics, who made good on 17 of 18 attempts to steal Dave Johnson set a major league record with his second pinch grand slam of the season. This one came in the ninth and defeated the Dodgers 5-1.

Pat Zachry of the Mets (3-4) defeated the Cardinals 7-2 with a three-hitter. Then, with the aid of Skip Lockwood's eighth

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Who wrote this? Len Deighton? Agatha Christie? John le Carré? No, it's from *The Burglary was for the Birds* by Robert Cantwell in *Sports Illustrated*, where the suspense of sports is not wholly confined to the playing fields.

Sports Illustrated

We are sports in print.

BASEBALL continued

save, Zachry (6-1) trimmed the **Padres** 3-2. Pittsburgh (2-4) lost three one-run games. But Jim Bibby's four-hitter took care of Montreal 5-2, and John Cardelino and Kent Yelving held off Philadelphia 2-1.

CH 26-20 PHIL 24-21 MONT 26-23
NY 24-28 PITT 21-27 STL 19-33

AL WEST American Leaguers, too, have been less productive on offense. Their batting is down nine points to .259, their homers are off by 73, or 12.1%, their runs have dropped off 7.1% and their steals have decreased 9.5%. Nonetheless, the White Sox (7-0) hit .348 and spurred to sixth place. Jorge Orta batted .500, and three new arrivals drove pitchers dizzy. Thad Bosley hitting .419, Greg Pryor .407 and Jim Beazley .375. No wonder Chicago put together its biggest inning in seven years, an 11-run outburst, while drubbing California 17-2. Pitcher Francisco Barron stifled Oakland 4-0 and Kansas City 5-1 on a total of seven hits, and Pablo Torrealba beat the Angels 7-0.

In four losses, the A's (2-4) scored four runs. But they belted three homers as Matt Keough defeated New York 5-1 and had 11 hits as Pete Broberg beat Milwaukee 6-2.

Roger Moret of Texas (2-4) pitched for the first time since going into a catastrophic trance on April 12. His two strong innings of relief wrapped up a 7-1 win over Minnesota.

Shortly after Jim Fingers made two errors at third base for Pittsburgh, he was hired as the non-playing manager for California (0-6), replacing Dave Garcia.

Seattle was also winless as Marner pitchers were battered for 38 runs in five outings. Kansas City (4-2) bombed Seattle 8-2, 8-3 and 10-0. Picking up the shutout win Dennis Leonard. The Royals pounded out 22 doubles and got .455 batting from Frank White.

Minnesota (4-3) got two wins from Roger Erickson, three saves from Mike Marshall and, a 2-0 shutout over Texas by Geoff Zahn. Rookie Larry Wolfe hit two homers and had five RBIs as the Twins beat Detroit 9-2.

OAK 28-21 KC 26-21 CAL 25-23 TEX 24-24
MIN 21-29 CH 19-28 SEA 17-35

AL EAST "Not many pitchers can throw it right by our batters like he did," said Boston Manager Don Zimmer after Jim Clancy of Toronto (3-4) cooled off the Red Sox 6-2. Clancy, a 22-year-old, 6'5" righthander, struck out eight as he ended Boston's winning streak at eight games. The Blue Jays' Jesse Jefferson gave the Rangers fits—and only four hits—as he won 3-1.

Having concluded their best May (23-7) ever, the Red Sox (6-1) began June with two victories and built their lead over the second-place Yankees to 4½ games. Jim Rice's 18th home run—his 11th straight tie-breaker—finished off Detroit 4-3. Fred Lynn's homer in

the ninth made Mike Torrez (8-2) a 5-4 winner over the Angels. Other reasons why Boston kept cruising: Dennis Ekersley beat Toronto 4-0; Dwight Evans hit three homers, giving him 11 in 25 games; and 14 double plays gave the Red Sox a league-leading 65.

In his first start since July 3, 1977, Andy Messersmith of New York (4-4) yielded just one hit in five innings before Rawly Eastwick wrapped up a 2-0 victory in Cleveland with four hitless innings of relief. Graug Nettles supplied the only runs with a homer in the seventh. Willie Randolph's single in the 13th knocked off Toronto 6-5. Ron Guidry (8-0) won twice, 5-3 over Toronto and 3-1 in Oakland.

Scott McGregor of Baltimore (6-2) beat Detroit 6-3 as Lee May hit two homers in a game for the 32nd time in his career, and stopped Seattle 2-1 as Eddie Murray and Doug DeCunzio connected. Billy Smith's grand slam defeated Seattle 10-9, and Ken Singleton's two-run clout gave Mike Flanagan a 3-2 three-hit victory in New York. Jim Palmer held the Yankees to two infield hits, their scantiest output since July 3, 1975.

Cleveland (4-2) bumped Milwaukee out of fifth with 7-6 and 6-4 victories over the Brewers. In their first game of that series, the Indians got their open-base hit in 40 innings, a double by Paul Dade. Andre Thornton, returning after missing seven games because of back spasms, homered and had three RBIs in each of the victories.

"Many pitchers don't learn to use their heads until they get into trouble and are forced to think," said Manager George Bamberger of Milwaukee (2-5). Bamberger was al-

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

JIM PALMER: Both of the Baltimore right-hander's shutouts were notable, his 3-0 win over Cleveland was his 200th career victory; his 1-0 two-hitter in New York was the first whitewashing of the Yanks in 125 outings.

luding to Mike Caldwell, who was 13-29 during the past three seasons after elbow surgery. Now thinking more and losing less, Caldwell (5-3) disposed of the A's 2-1.

Doing some thinking for newcomer Steve Baker, 21, wasatcher Milt May of Detroit (3-5). After Baker got two strikes on Oriole leadoff man Larry Herkew, he shook off a sign from May, a seasoned catcher, and then pumped in a third strike. Baker was not being disrespectful of his elder; the shakeoff was a ruse. "May having told Baker to shake him off when signaled to do so—to confuse the batter, Baker fanned seven in seven innings, and then John Huler came in from the bullpen to seal the 5-2 victory.

BOS 36-16 NY 30-19 DET 27-22 BAL 26-25
CLEV 23-24 MIL 23-25 TOR 19-31

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Helen's teaching helped pay for Dave's driving

It's been a hard trip

After 10 lean years, NASCAR driver Dave Marcis has a shot at the title

There was a Broadway play not long ago entitled *The Trip Back Down*, which was about a NASCAR driver named Bobby Horvath. It wasn't a bad play, but stock-car drivers are a breed most New York City theatergoers are far from understanding or appreciating. The play was short-lived.

Horvath could have been a composite of dozens of stock-car drivers who have come and gone and been forgotten. He had been racing for eight years, and if success is synonymous with survival in

that business, then Horvath was successful. But he wanted to quit because he wasn't a winner.

Enter Davis Marcis. Marcis (pronounced Markis) is a real stock-car driver, and he, more than any other on the NASCAR circuit, can be compared to Horvath. Horvath, age 37; Marcis, age 37. Horvath, hometown, Mansfield, Ohio; Marcis, hometown, Waukau, Wis. Horvath, "slightly over medium height and strongly built"; Marcis, 5' 10" and 160 pounds. Horvath's career record never made specifically clear, but obviously less than smashing. Marcis' career record: 291 races, four wins.

Listen to Bobby Horvath: "I was gonna be the best. That's what I thought. Not to race in every little dump that's got a track just to keep goin'. Not ever winnin' enough to really get set up right. Just enough to keep goin'. I've spent my life at this, and I'm nowhere near the place I wanted to be."

Take some of the bitterness out of Horvath, and listen to Dave Marcis. "I came to NASCAR with the intentions of winning. I was eager and young and wanted to race hard all the time. I wasn't aware of how tough it is to make it. I had no idea, none at all. All I could afford was junk for equipment, and it wasn't capable of running up front. When the season would be over I would have something like a \$2,000 profit. One year I even went \$1,000 in the hole—after a whole damn year of racing, working 14 hours a day at the damn shop. It's been rough. If I look at what I'm making now, it still looks small."

The big difference between Marcis and Horvath is that Marcis would starve before he would say, as Horvath did at one point in the play, that he'd "been beat too much." And Marcis is far from feeling that he is "on the trip back down."

After 17 years of racing, 10 of them in NASCAR, seven of those completely independent and three on a team with a skimpy budget, it looked as if Marcis had finally gotten to the gravy last season. He was hired to drive for Roger Penske, whose racing operations are consistently first class. It was by far the best deal Marcis had ever had in his life. But, unexpectedly, Penske pulled out of NASCAR after Marcis had run a mere 18 of the 30 Grand National races. "I had no idea what I was going to do after that," Marcis said.

One day last fall, Marcis, unemployed,

was tooling down a street in Charlotte, N.C. when a young driver named Roland Wlodyka recognized him, stopped him and took him to breakfast. Wlodyka had a potential sponsor hooked, a California contractor named Rodney Osterlund, but he needed an established driver to strengthen his pitch. Together Wlodyka and Marcis convinced Osterlund to buy Penske's equipment, and a team was born. This year Wlodyka is one of NASCAR's leading rookies, and Marcis is having the best year of his career; although he has not won a race, he is third in the NASCAR standings with 1,738 points after 12 of 33 races. That is only 124 points behind leader Benny Parsons. Marcis has already won the first leg of the points championship by six points over Parsons, which is worth a \$10,000 bonus on top of the \$73,590 in prize money Marcis has already collected.

Marcis began racing Grand National cars in 1968, two years after he married his wife Helen. They moved their house trailer from Wisconsin to Avery's Creek, N.C. and Marcis began chipping away at the big time. Helen taught school to help finance her husband's racing for the next four years (the first Grand National car Marcis ever raced, a 1964 Ford, had been purchased for \$2,000, in part with Helen's paycheck) and quit shortly before the first of their two children was born. They spent long hours working together on the car in a tiny, one-light-bulb shop, Helen painting the names of \$25 and \$50 sponsors on the car because they couldn't afford a sign painter. Today Helen, not Dave, carries photos of a 1957 Chevy, Marcis' favorite stock car among the dozen he has owned.

"Helen's made a lot of sacrifices," says Marcis. "We've slept in the truck many, many nights when we couldn't afford a motel. We're still living in the same trailer house that I paid \$5,900 for when we were married, although we've had to put an addition on it for the kids. We have never lived high. As far as Helen and I going out to fancy places and eating out, we never, ever have. There was times when we weren't eating too good, but Helen always made do, and she's a good cook. I don't know how you'd describe Helen. She doesn't care if I have \$10 or \$100,000. She's satisfied to have the children and to have them healthy. She's just happy to have things that way."

"A lot of times I didn't have money

continued



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to buy new parts for my car, so I would buy used stuff. I bought a lot of it from the Pettys, a lot of tires, sometimes even engine pieces. If the parts would stay together I would finish good, sixth or something, and try to save the prize money until the next time, because most of the time the stuff would break then. I'd go back home, buy more used parts, put the car back together and go racing the next week, and break that, too. I got a reputation of being a good relief driver because I was always standing around the pits long before the end of the race.

"Along the way a lot of people have helped me out for nothing, which meant a lot. There are some people I never would have made it without, but I feel like I done most of the actual work myself. I made a lot of trips from back home in Wisconsin to North Carolina by myself. Three times I drove to a race in Alabama and each time it got rained out. I'd drive straight through after working on the race car and getting it ready to go. I'd drive the rig back home, too. I

spent a lot of time on the road, but the only way I could survive was to keep racing, and that meant traveling. I'd get gas at Gary, Indiana, and it would take 20 to 25 minutes to fill the tanks on the truck, so I'd lay down in the seat and fall sound asleep. They would wake me up when it was full, I'd pay them and be on my way.

"Sometimes I would be dead tired, like when I'd drive to Talladega. So what I would do is get the race car through technical inspection. And I'd make one lap around the racetrack, just so I could be a legal entrant. I'd take that slow lap and then I'd go back to the motel and get a good night's sleep. I never went on a race-track like Talladega or Daytona, the fast racetracks, tired. I always felt like the speeds you run there it wasn't worth the chance. Some of the short tracks I would race when I was sleepy, but not the super speedways. Never done that. You get going so damn fast at Talladega all you have to do is nod off for a half a second and . . . whew!"

Look at Dave Marcis. He has been rac-

ing 20 years, has worked too many hours, eaten too many hamburgers and slept in too many trucks. He has also risked his life a lot. For three of the last four years he has been one of the 10 best NASCAR drivers, and life has been better, but still far from easy. Now look at almost any other professional athlete who is one of the 10 best at his sport. It becomes clear how a play such as *The Trip Back Down* could come to be written.

That play ends on an up note. Horvath changes his mind about quitting and rides off into the sunset at Talladega. He may not be a winner, but he's staying in the game because that is his life.

Dave Marcis, too, lives a lot more than most people in the world. "If I lost my deal with Penske tomorrow," he said early last year, unaware how prophetic the statement would become, "I'd do whatever I'd have to do to race. Somehow or another, I'd get another race car. I guess my desire to make it is stronger than the hardships of racing. Quit? I have never given it any thought."

END



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Why isn't this man smiling?

Laz Barrera leans forward in his chair in the office of his barn at Belmont Park and examines his shiny black shoes. For the first time since late December he seems to be in a state closely resembling repose. "Affirmed and Alydar are going at each other for the ninth time," he says. "Nine times! Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier only went three times. If somebody beat somebody six times out of eight, wouldn't you think the other somebody would feel that was enough?" Not Alydar. Here he comes again, and they are going to fight it out down the stretch. On Belmont day my ulcer will bother me again and the blood pressure will go up, and when I get up early in the morning and look in the mirror I'll say, Lazaro, you are having a big year. You should be proud. Laz, why aren't you smiling?"

At 54, Lazaro Sosa Barrera is having the most spectacular year any American horse trainer has ever experienced. He has Affirmed going for the Triple Crown and through May 28 his horses had won \$2,013,947, \$1 million more than the earnings of horses trained by his closest competitor, Charlie Whittingham. Barrera's hand is so hot these days that he could send a horse through a car wash without it getting wet.

Looking down the shed rows of Barrera's barns at Belmont in New York and Hollywood Park in California, one sees nearly 50 horses, all treated as delicately as orchids, when Barrera goes after a stakes race he points each horse as carefully as a good archer aims an arrow. Already this year Barrera has accounted for 21 stakes wins, which would be a remarkable accomplishment for even the best of trainers over several seasons. But the greatest accomplishment may well lie ahead. On Saturday, Barrera will tighten the girth on Affirmed and have Steve Cauthen into the saddle for the \$150,000-added, 1½-mile Belmont Stakes, the last and most difficult leg of U.S. racing's Triple Crown. Nine men have been fortunate enough to have trained Triple Crown winners, exhibiting the patience and skill that keep a racehorse on edge for live weeks while moving from Churchill Downs to Pimlico to Belmont



Trainer Laz Barrera has a pair of aces in Affirmed and Steve Cauthen, but the pressure of completing a Triple Crown sweep in the Belmont is getting to his ulcer.

Now Barrera, who won two of the three legs with Bold Forbes in 1976, has his second chance.

At Belmont time some people erroneously assume that this race is the easiest of the three. It isn't. Since Citation in 1948, eight horses have won both the Derby and Preakness, but only Secretariat and Seattle Slew proved good enough to triumph in the Belmont as well. "Right now," Barrera says, "people are saying the Belmont will have only four starters: Affirmed, Alydar, Darby Creek Road and Noon Time Spender. That could be right, but people have very short memories. Go back one year to Seattle Slew and everybody says nobody will run against him. But seven horses fell out of the trees and ran against him. Third-place money in the Belmont is bigger than for the Derby and Preakness. I'll believe there will be four starters when the starters are named. But if there are only four, you have a jockey's race more than a horse race."

"Pace makes the race, and I can't see

anybody in front but Affirmed. Stevie can do whatever he pleases in front—go as slow or fast as he wants. I don't know what Alydar will do. Maybe he's going to dingdong it with Affirmed and go head to head from the gate. But that isn't his style. Maybe when you lose six out of eight you change your style. One thing I do know—at some point Affirmed and Alydar are going to be head to head. Heck, aren't they always?"

Before April 1976, when Bold Forbes took the Wood Memorial, Barrera had won many stakes races but never one of \$100,000-added. Now, though he has won 15 hundred-granders from coast to coast. "Whenever there is a \$100,000 race," he says, "I want to get a shot at it." Barrera has shot and scored in California, Illinois, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, New York and New Jersey; and during the last 30 months his horses have won \$7.25 million.

Barrera is clever, suave and in many ways the Casey Stengel of the racetracks, with a seemingly endless supply of sto-

(continued)

ries and backstretch philosophy. He was born in the Marianao section of Cuba near Oriental Park, a track built on property once owned by his grandfather. As one of 12 children Laz worked hard to put food on his family's table by walking hots on the backstretch seven days a week for \$3, keeping only \$0.05 for himself and turning the rest over to his mother. "I remember the first time I went to a track," he says, "I was maybe four or five. It was the Cuban Christmas, and it was celebrated at Oriental Park. The children were given gifts and a man gave me a new baseball. I never had a new ball before and I just rubbed it and looked at it like it was something made of magic. Everyone else watched the races, and I played with the ball."

At 16 he took out a trainer's license in Cuba and also made race selections in the newspaper *El Mundo*. At 20 he put \$50 down to buy a horse named Donnagall. "A hurricane hit Cuba," he says, "and the track was destroyed and had to be rebuilt. Donnagall got all cut up by flying glass and could never run, so I set off for Mexico City."

Although there was racing only three days a week in Mexico, Barrera had enough winners one year to rank second in North America to Willie Molter, the trainer of Round Table. "Training in Mexico was tough," says Barrera. "If you didn't do good for an owner right away you hear the sound of the vans backing up to take the horses away. At one time I had 70 horses to train and had the best owner in Mexico to work for. He loved me. He would call in the morning and say, 'Laz, please don't eat breakfast before I get there. I want the joy of eating breakfast with you. I'll cook for the grooms and all the help.' He would say that I was working too hard and we should fly to Acapulco to rest. I would tell him the only reason I was tired was because he kept me up all night. We would go to Acapulco and get in great games of dominoes and we'd win because I could really play dominoes. One night a man pointed a finger at him and said, 'The only reason you win is because that Cuban guy is with you.' My owner just laughed and said, 'Go yourself to Havana and get a man who looks like him. But you will have to go many times to Havana and you will never bring a man back that can play dominoes like him.'"

Barrera knows that a trainer is truly his own man only when he can keep an

owner at arm's length. "That is hard," he says. "I had another owner in Mexico City and he thought he knew everything. The first five horses I ran for him won, but the sixth was beaten a nose on the wire, and this crazy man runs down from the stands and wants to beat up the jockey. I told him I wouldn't train for him anymore and went to the stewards and told them so, too. They said, 'He has you under contract and if you do not train for him you can not train here,' I said, 'The hell with this,' and went to Cleveland, Ohio and became a jock's agent for Jorge Nunez, and we did good together. In Cleveland I got the chance to see major league baseball games and my favorite team was the Yankees. When they would come to town I'd go into the centerfield bleachers for 35 cents. I'd sit behind Joe DiMaggio, and one night when he hit three home runs I caught one of the balls."

Later Barrera returned to Mexico City and resumed his training career. "Racing is such a strange sport," he says. "In 1951 I flew out of Mexico City with \$27,000 in \$100 bills in sacks. I was going to the United States to buy a horse named Crafty Admiral for an owner who wanted the horse returned to Mexico. Crafty Admiral was for sale for \$25,000 and had been a good 2-year-old in the U.S. We got to Miami and it looked like the sale was all set, but the veterinarian wouldn't okay it because he didn't think the horse was sound. I didn't know what to do but I didn't want the plane to go back empty, so I filled it up with hay and straw and we flew back with no Crafty Admiral. Later he was sold for less than \$25,000 and went on to be an excellent horse. If he raced in Mexico he probably never would have been heard of and he might have broken down."

"You see, if Crafty Admiral had gone back to Mexico City with me I would not have Affirmed today. There probably wouldn't be any Affirmed today, because Crafty Admiral became the sire of Won't Tell You, Affirmed's mother."

Eventually five of Barrera's brothers became trainers in this country, and today two of his sons, 24-year-old Albert and 18-year-old Larry, are working at it. Says Albert: "My father probably hasn't had a real vacation in 20 years. Nearly 90% of his so-called free time is spent around his horses. When my father started training in this country in 1959 he

spoke virtually no English and had only one horse, which was claimed from him. Hal King and Bill Winfrey, two good horsemen, lent him horses to train, and he did real good. My father had no schooling to speak of, but he wanted his children to have an education. When I got accepted at the University of Miami he took the letter and held it in his hands and they trembled. I had never seen him so proud. But I wanted to go on the race-track myself, and after I spent three years in college he accepted that. When I won my first race, on New Year's Eve in 1974, I called him in California from Keystone in Pennsylvania. 'Albert,' he said, 'don't let one winner make your head big.'"

The vicissitudes of racing have kept Laz's own ego in check. Consider: Affirmed lost an extraordinary amount of training time in California this winter because of bad weather. "I could only see rain," Barrera says. "I thought it would never clear. Affirmed kept missing day after day, and when we finally could get him out on the track we would have to take towels and dry him off so he wouldn't catch cold. It rained and rained and rained, and I talked to the skies but nobody was home. First I was afraid that Affirmed would get sick, then I was afraid I would get very sick. I had enough water on me to be dead for the rest of my life."

A few days before the Hollywood Derby, Affirmed's final prep race for the Triple Crown, the horse got loose on the backstretch at Hollywood Park. "I went crazy," Barrera says. "Affirmed is running near a ditch, and there are cars all around that he could run into. I started running after him. I kept running, then all of a sudden an idea goes through my head. 'You must be crazy,' my head says, 'because no 54-year-old man can outrun Affirmed. If you catch Affirmed, you won't be catching no Affirmed, you'll be catching a donkey.' But he finally stopped and we got him."

Every horse that comes under Laz Barrera's shed row gets the Barrera Look, an examination for an hour during which the trainer just studies the animal and says nothing. He notices how it moves and stands and looks out at the world. If he sees anything that he thinks is wrong with a horse he writes in a book, simply, "Horse So-and-So is Not Happy." He has not written anything in that book about Affirmed in two years.

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Since walrus hunting by kayak has severe limitations as a spectator sport, the next best thing for admirers of the craft is to catch Eric Evans' act in a national slalom championship on a torrent of white water. Evans, 28, won his eighth straight U.S. title the other day, his ninth in 10 tries. As one observer said, "You won't see Eric's record broken in a hundred years."

No other kayaker has put together even two championships back to back in a sport that is not only difficult but extremely dangerous: two experts have lost their lives in recent months, one on Idaho's Payette River, the other on West Virginia's Gauley.

The Nantahala in North Carolina, where Evans paddled to title No. 9, is a gentler stream, but its 800-meter championship slalom course was one of fiendish difficulty. The last 15 gates were bunched in 400 feet of continuous rapids. Four gates had to be negotiated upstream against the current, and four stern first—none of the gate-poles to be touched, of course, without a levying of penalties. As is usual on a slalom course, the poles were 40 inches apart. Kayak paddles are some 6½' long and, at only 20 pounds, the kayaks themselves are less than stable even in still water. The winner on the Nantahala would need both power and control. "Exquisite control," said one of more than 70 competitors, resignedly referring to Eric Evans.

Each contestant had two runs down the course, the better of his two times to count. As Evans' first turn drew near, he stood alone studying the river, jaw set and eyes narrowed, the image of a man facing a worthy foe. (Evans' favorite book, he tells friends, is *Or F'il Dress You in Mourning*, the biography of the bullfighter El Cordobés.) Finally he said, "It's time."

Starts were staggered, a minute or two apart, and Evans was 70th off the mark. Earlier he had said, "A great paddler plans two or three gates ahead," and after Gate 18 he angled left, through Gate 19, shot across and downstream through Gate 20 and whipped his tiny boat around, to back through 21, 30 feet below. None of the others went through that stretch as smoothly and quickly. Evans' time was 297.6 seconds, 1.7 seconds ahead of the runner-up, but he com-

plained, "It was a bad run. I should have been down in the 270s."

With the second run well under way, spectators were amazed to see Evans along the course, far down the shore, "checking the height of the poles," as he explained. Suddenly he was gone, to come storming down the river minutes later for his own second run, more commanding, if possible, than before. But then came Gate 26. This hung at the edge of a three-foot falls, and Evans had said of it, "Most people will freeze there. You've gotta be decisive, and go!" Evans went too far. The route he chose carried him well past 27, and for 10 seconds he had to battle back frantically. Nevertheless, he finished with a time of 286.5, the day's best by two seconds. Though he did seem pleased, he said, "If I'd gone through 26 correctly, I would have been ecstatic with my time."

"Wasn't there an element beyond your control?" he was asked.

"Hell no," he said. "I was asleep."

Mental lapses do make for bad slalom runs on turbulent streams, and no wonder Eric Evans is hard on himself. But that hard? "Well," he says, "my father is just like George Allen. He was always saying, 'What are your goals? Where are you weak? What can you do to improve?'"

In Evans' first slalom race, in 1964, he tipped over, and since he had yet to learn the Eskimo roll, he kept jerking his head to the surface, gasping fitfully for air as he dogpaddled toward shore to right himself against the rocks. He could easily have slipped out of the kayak, but that would have meant disqualification. He recalls, "All I could think of was finishing." He did—last.

His father, Jay, a former Olympic coach in the sport, won the 1967 Masters, for kayak competitors over 40. At the time he was assistant director of admissions at Dartmouth. It was there, in the college swimming pool, that the elder Evans originated indoor slalom competition in this country. He hung gates from the ceiling, and in races required paddlers to do intricate maneuvers, and to tip over and right themselves. Eric practiced obsessively. In 1966 he finished 10th in a slalom on Vermont's West River. But his father came in eighth, and Eric recalls, "Was I upset? I thought I was better than he was."

The hammer nails the Nantahala

Eric (Hammer) Evans was a legend in kayaking several slalom titles ago. Now he has won his ninth championship

Even so, Eric set his sights on the world championships, to be held the following June in Czechoslovakia. But his mid-junior-year grades at the Hotchkiss School in Connecticut showed him tied for 101st, last in his class with, as he recalls, one Edsel Ford II of Detroit. "No worlds," his father said. By next term he was in the upper third of his class. He continued



Slut is the gate, but Evans roars through



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made the U.S. team and finished 25th in a field of 50.

Students at Hotchkiss were required to take a sport each semester, "a real sport," as they told Evans when he suggested kayaking. So he ran cross-country and played hockey and lacrosse. At graduation he was voted the best athlete in his class, and instantly forsook everything that did not relate to paddling. When he lost the 1968 nationals by $\frac{1}{16}$ ths of a second, he wore his hands raw practicing all winter, and won the following year. In 1968 he entered Dartmouth and began skiing cross-country to stay in shape. But in 1970 he lost again, by one second, because, he says, "I choked."

As a skier, he used his arms so much his friends began calling him Hammer. The nickname stuck. Later, because of his paddling style, he acquired another, The Mean One. "I am mean on the course," he says, "subtle as a crowbar," and he loves the image.

Evans has found that each of his national championships has meant a little less to him. As for the Olympics, he cannot improve on his seventh-place finish at Munich, because the kayak slalom is no longer an Olympic event. So his one remaining goal is to win a world championship. He has tried for six of them, all in Europe, and has never done better than 10th. But next year the worlds will be held in Jonquière, Quebec, and he beams. "No jet lag, no weird food or water. Jonquière is all I live for now."

Last April Evans quit an executive post he had held with a company making cross-country ski equipment—the job had interfered with his training—and now his money is running out. He still gets an occasional small check from magazines like *Canoe*, for which he writes a column, *Eric Evans' Whitewater Journal*, but says that all he can presently afford is a seafood-root diet: "If I see food, I eat it, if I don't, I root it out." He travels the slalom circuit in a 1975 Datsun station wagon, his kayak on the roof, down below a mattress, a portable stove, the 1,450-page *Treasury of World Literature* and a small spring device to strengthen his grip. He is emotionally sustained by Charles Bronson movies, '50s rock-'n'-roll music and Rudyard Kipling's poem *If*. Certainly Evans is filling "the unforgiving minute with 60 seconds worth of distance run."

290

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A Bargain Monster from



the Sea's Basement

BY JONATHAN WINTER

The aquarium wanted a big headline attraction and got it in the giant sea roach, a living relic from the Eocene



Thomas Lee Mills, skipper of the shrimp trawler *Norma Evonne*, puffed his cigarette in the darkness and flicked on the fathometer. The needle noisily traced out a black line over the sheet of graph paper. "We're at 70 fathoms right now," Mills said, "and it won't be long before the bottom starts dropping off pretty fast. By three or four in the morning we'll have a good 200 fathoms of water beneath us."

We had been at sea for eight hours, moving due south of Pensacola, Fla. out in the Gulf of Mexico on an expedition to bring back living deep-water specimens for the New York Aquarium.

"But I'll tell you," he continued thoughtfully, "the way these sons have been building I ain't so sure we're gonna be able to work when we do get out there. Now it used to be that you could work this Royal Red shrimp territory out here in between the northerlies. But crazy acting as the weather's been, I don't know.

continued

Bargain Monster

continued

Last year they'd blow through about once a week, then it would clear up and even get pretty out here. But now these fronts come down one right behind the other, and I'm afraid that's what's happening."

"A big boat like this ought to be able to take it," I said hopefully, leaning back in the pilothouse chair, watching the sweep of the illuminated radar beam. We were alone out here, with not a blip of any kind on the screen.

Mills laughed sardonically. "Oh hell, yes, this boat can take it. She weighs 50 tons; she don't ride the waves, she flattens 'em. But you ain't gonna stand up to it. When she hits those 25-foot seas and goes to slamming, she'll beat your guts out. And when you got them big seas breaking over the bow, it don't take but a second for a man to get washed overboard. Damned if I'm gonna get drowned out here trying to drag up a mess of nasty looking sea roaches."

Thomas Lee didn't think much of our expedition. He had agreed to run the Norma Evonne for Aquila Seafood in Bon Secour, Ala. only because it was January, the coldest and most wretched month of the year. His own 68-foot wooden trawler was tied to the dock, along with nearly all the other shrimp boats, because shrimping inshore had been so poor. He needed to make some money.

Finding a vessel large enough and equipped to trawl the submarine DeSoto Canyon off Pensacola in 200 fathoms (1,200 feet), where the giant sea roaches (*Bathynomus giganteus*) lived, had proved an ordeal. Never had these grotesque joint-legged creatures been placed alive on public display. Occasionally deep-water shrimp fishermen after Royal Red shrimp would haul up a sea roach in their nets and bring it ashore dead as a curiosity. Months earlier we had gone from dock to dock, fishing village to fishing village, asking if anyone was fishing for Royal Reds. But all we got was an emphatic "No! I doubt you'll find anyone still messing with Royal Reds."

In the 1950s the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries (now known as the National Marine Fisheries Service) first discovered the large Royal Red shrimp resource. They were doing exploratory fishing in 200 fathoms and brought up a deckload of big red succulent *Hymenopenaeus robustus*, previously known from a handful of pickled specimens on the shelves of the U.S. National Museum. The crew cooked the shrimp, and overnight the Royal Reds changed from a scientific curiosity to a gourmet's delight. Adventurous shrimpers, spurred on by the discovery, rigged up their boats to work in the deep water. But fishing out there, further than any shrimp boat had gone before, was brutal on equipment. The heavy seas would snatch the rigs off the bottom and tangle them. As cables were wound in, standard winches used on trawlers would often burn out from the strain, leaving the crew to haul in more than a mile of steel cable by hand, sometimes in howling gales. Enormous sharks attacked the nets, and when violent squalls struck, there was no nearby shore to run to for safety. After a few years of trying, most skippers gave up and went back to working inshore for the traditional pink, brown and white shrimp.

But at last we located the Norma Evonne, which had been especially rigged for fishing Royal Reds. With giant hydraulic winches, she was built to work out there. "But I'll

tell you something," Thomas Lee said, "it damn sure don't pay to fool with them red shrimp unless there ain't nothing in shallow water. Long as I can catch three or four boxes of pink shrimp in 20 or 30 fathoms, that's where I'm gonna work. I ain't got near the expense nor the risk in getting them." Then he winked. "And the trash fish ain't nearly as boogerish-looking as this deepwater stuff."

As we headed farther and farther out, we studied the National Marine Fisheries Service computer printout of when and where *Bathynomus* had been captured over the past 25 years. Nixon Griffiths sat quietly in the galley puffing his cigarette. Nearing 60, Nick was the oldest member of our expedition. As a trustee of the New York Zoological Society, he was a longtime scientific adventurer. He had funded expeditions to study whales, dived on the Great Barrier Reef and collected fishes in Surinam. A few months earlier, in New York, he asked me, "Jack, where can we catch a monster? We need something unusual for the New York Aquarium."

"Well," I said, "we could go drag Loch Ness and get that over with. All we'd need are some of those North Sea commercial fishermen and their cod nets."

"No, that wouldn't do," he said. "British government wouldn't allow it. Besides, it would take a fortune. We need a bargain monster."

The only economical monster I could think of was *Bathynomus giganteus*, the giant sea roach that lives at the edge of the continental shelf in the Gulf of Mexico. With a length of two feet, it is the world's largest isopod, a flat-bodied crustacean with seven pairs of sharp-hooked legs and a segmented body. Most isopods live in the ocean, although many are found in fresh water and a few live on land. The inconspicuous and ubiquitous "pill bugs" or "Roly Polys" that hide under rocks in a garden are isopods. Imagine a pill bug two feet long, with a jointed body, hooked claws, huge triangular eyes and a mouth filled with cutting mandibles, and you've got a real monster. *Bathynomus giganteus* is a living fossil. Common 60 million years ago, it survives today only in scattered locations. In addition to the Gulf of Mexico, it is found in the Sea of Japan and the Bay of Bengal. It would have been exciting if *Bathynomus* was 10 feet long instead of two, but scientists say that what it lacks in size it makes up in ferocity.

Anne, my wife, and her fellow graduate student in marine biology at Florida State, Joe Halusky, sat across from Nixon Griffiths, in front of them a large nautical chart of the Gulf of Mexico on which they were mapping the coordinates of where the National Marine Fisheries Service had caught *Bathynomus*.

"Latitude 29°, 04 minutes north," Anne called out, "longitude 88°, 40 minutes west."

Joe grinned happily. "I can't believe this," he said. His pencil made a circle next to the tight bunch of the others. "It's just too good to be true. Look at all these little rascals. They're sitting right at the edge of the continental shelf, just at that dropoff between 200 and 300 fathoms."

"How about it, Skipper?" Anne asked. "Can we drop it right down here?" She pointed to the middle of the circles.

Thomas Lee grunted, "I don't know about that. I got a chart of my own in the wheelhouse, and it's got all the bad bottoms marked. There's coral reefs out here in 200 fathoms that will tear a net all to pieces. The government boat don't mind tearing up nets or losing a whole rig; they got plenty of money to replace it. But for us... All it takes is one bad hang out here and a man can lose \$11,000 in nets and cable before you can say 'Don't do it.'"

A moment later he returned with his chart, on which were drawn big red squares. "We'll put over here at the 2950 Loran line, what we shrimpers call the 'edge of the earth.' I believe we caught some of them sea roaches there before." Thomas Lee flipped through our scientific reprints scattered around on the table. He contemplated a line drawing of *Bathynomeus* and shook his head. "I don't pay no attention to the trash that comes up when I'm out here," he said. "I'm interested in only one thing—shrimp. But you don't forget an ugly-looking thing like that."

As the evening wore on, the seas began building and the 90-foot steel-hulled trawler pitched and rolled. Dishes flew out of the cupboard, and the two crewmen, Frankie and Claude, hurried to batten everything down.

The sea would have been calmer in June or July, but we hoped that we could run out to the drop-off between arctic fronts, work a few days and hurry back before the next storm broke. We had deliberately chosen to go in the dead of winter, when the surface water was the coldest. If we had any hopes of bringing our specimens back alive, thermal shock would have to be minimized. The surface water was about 70° now, the bottom was only 45°. Bringing trawls up from those depths could kill many species at any time, but hot summer water-surface temperatures of 85° to 95° F were a guarantee that everything would die.

We had gambled on the weather, and now it looked as if our bluff was going to be called. A new storm was coming through. If it stalled over land, we could work. If it didn't, the expedition would end.

We turned in, and I lay in my bunk most of the night listening to the engines revving up and down, the boat fighting the ever-rising waves. I dozed off, but the surge breaking over the bow was getting so strong that it sprayed in through a porthole above my head, making the night drag on even

more uncomfortably. Then, at three in the morning, Frankie was shaking me. "Captain wants to talk to you."

The skipper's mood was somber and worried. "We're at 100 fathoms," he said solemnly, pointing to the gauge, "and from here on out it starts dropping off pretty quick. In two hours we'll be over 200 fathoms." The fathometer's stylus was now etching a sloping line going down, down, down toward the bottom of the sheet. "But, Jack, the way these seas have been building I ain't so sure I'm going to put the rigs overboard. Now it's possible that they'll lay down at daybreak—they usually do. Then we'll make at least one deep-water drag, but after that I ain't promising nothing. If that wind goes to switching around bad, I don't want to be where it will drown us."

I returned to my bunk feeling lousy. All that planning, all that work and money, and now it would probably come to nothing. How foolish I was to believe that we could actually go out there and drag up a sea roach at the snap of a finger. The odds against us were too great. There were thou-

continued



When the net spilled its load on deck, there were creatures the monster hunters had never seen

Bargain Monster

continued

sands of square miles of deep water out there, rolling on for an eternity. And we, with our two little trawls dragging an infinitesimally small swath of bottom from our tiny tin can of a boat, were supposed to catch a sea roach. All we were going to catch, I thought gloomily, was a severe case of seasickness. I popped another pink pill and tried to get some sleep.

At dawn we assembled on the deck, yawning gloomily and contemplating the red skies and the scruffy little clouds that hung angrily overhead. They were moving before the wind, traveling southward before the cold front. The seas were a vast panorama of icy steel gray, frothed with whitecaps, beset with huge rolling waves.

The deckhands were busy working the rigging, wearing their heavy yellow slickers, as the boat rolled from side to side. "All right, we're setting out at 190 fathoms," Thomas Lee shouted, raising his voice above the wind. "That's the best we can do right now. We'll be dragging on out to 200 fathoms."

Then with a jerk on the lever he started the winch turning, and the 10-foot-long, 500-pound ironclad otter doors were jerked out of their brackets with a loud crash and dangled clumsily from the outriggers. Frankie threw the nets overboard, and when the winch brake was released, the trawls splashed into the sea. The green webbing sank down behind them, and they started their long journey to the bottom.

The giant drums spun wildly, spewing out fathom after fathom of steel cable. Thomas Lee hurried to the pilothouse to push the throttle down, and the Norma Evonne churned forward, her great spinning spools of cables growing thinner and thinner. When he was sure there was enough cable out, he slowed down, and the crew locked the winches. The big steel hull strained ahead, her outriggers stretched out like the wings of a giant bird as she pulled her heavy trawls over the soft muddy bottom.

Now it was our turn to get busy. There were many preparations to be made before we were ready for the nets to come up. As I gushed seawater from the deck hose into Styrofoam containers, Joe Halusky made his way up and down the steel ladder that reached into the hold, bringing up buckets of crushed ice. Anne scooped the ice into plastic bags and tied them tightly. The ice bags were to be used to chill seawater to 45° F. without letting any melted water dilute it, which would be deadly to the specimens.

We hurried about our tasks, stringing electrical lines and

duck tape around the deck, checking the air pumps with which we would aerate the water in which we put our specimens. If any creatures came up alive from those depths, we were going to do our best to keep them that way.

Frankie, the deckhand, watched our activity. He was skeptical. "I don't see what y'all rushin' so hard about: it'll be three hours before we're ready to take up. You ain't gonna get much to stay alive nohow. Most all fish I see come up from this deep water got their eyeballs burst out of their heads. This ain't like regular shrimpin', where everything on deck is jumpin' and alopplin'."

Three hours dragged on. We could only wait as the Norma Evonne churned through the Gulf swells. Finally, Thomas Lee started reeling in the nets. It took more than 30 minutes before we saw the two otter doors on the starboard side speeding up toward the surface, coming together and closing the mouth of the net. The heavy wooden doors broke from the sea with a splash and dangled from the outrigger, dripping water back into the sea. The other set of doors rose and hung from the port outrigger.

Frankie grabbed a long bamboo pole and hooked the lazy line that connected the doors to the end of the trawl bag. The 50-foot-long starboard net came up first. The young crewman wrapped it around the cathead and started bringing it in. With creaking groans, the rope hoisted the green webbed bag until it dangled from the boom above the deck, showering out water, gorged with life. I tried to peer through the covering but all I could see through the webbing were blotches of color, red scales, white bodies.

The skipper went forward and snatched the release ropes that kept the tail bag closed. Suddenly a few fish started spilling on the deck, then an avalanche of little orange shrimp, along with seemingly every other imaginable creature. "My Lord, will you look at the shrimp!" said Joe.

The captain and the crew didn't seem impressed. "There ain't no shrimp," said Thomas Lee. "Very few that's Royal Reds. Most of them's those pee-wee Megalops, and there ain't much of a sale for them. They're too damn little."

I surveyed the pile with amazement. With more than 15 years of collecting in the shallows of that very same Gulf of Mexico, I expected that I would know at least some of the creatures. But I couldn't classify a single one. There were long flat eels with wicked-looking teeth, huge horny plated prehistoric gooseneck barnacles in 12-inch-long clusters.

continued



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Bargain Monster

continued

The deck bounced with big, leathery-skinned white sea anemones, and scattered everywhere were moon snails, whose shells glowed with brilliant iridescent and opalescent colors. But the colorful creatures were the exceptions. The deepwater species lacked the diversity of color of those that inhabit the shallows; everything was either pale orange, jet black or pasty white.

We were dragging at the very edge of the continental shelf, where the bottom begins its sharp plunge to the abyssal plains of the sea. The animals that live on this frontier are more closely related to the bizarre forms of life that dwell on the sea floor three miles deep than to the familiar shallow-water species. What they lack in color, they make up for in diversity of form, texture and shape.

Nearly all the fish—the speckled star-gazers, the red-armored sea robins and the toothy brown goosefishes—were dead on deck, their mouths sprung open, their tongues protruding, their eyes popping grotesquely out of their heads. All of these casualties had swim bladders, gas-filled sacs used to regulate their buoyancy. At 200 fathoms they existed under a pressure of 550 pounds per square inch. As the net rapidly ascended, the pressure decreased, and the gases expanded, blowing the swim bladders up like balloons and tearing the fish apart. Some that lacked swim bladders were still alive, although others had gone into shock from the abrupt temperature change.

We peered over the near-lifeless pile for any kind of movement, looking especially for *Bathynomeus giganteus*. But the sea roach was nowhere to be found.

Suddenly, however, Anne cried out, "Hey! Look at this! It's a Chimera, and it's alive too!"

As she pulled it out of the pile, Nick jumped up with excitement. "That's a rattail fish," he said. "I've only seen pictures of them in books before. We've got to get that back alive. That will make the expedition right there if we never catch *Bathynomeus*."

In Greek, chimera means "monster." The name fits. This one had a bulbous nose; its skin was soft, almost mushy, like the squids on deck; its elongated coal-black body tapered to a point. A wicked spine protruded from its back, and the network of lateral lines was prominently marked over its clammy, scaleless body.

continued

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Bargain Monster

continued

Most impressive of all were its huge bright-green luminous eyes. They were like two big crystal balls, so big you could look into them and see the whole world.

But when Anne gently eased her specimen into the water of a waiting Styrofoam box, it began to swim beautifully. Its fan-shaped pectoral fins spread out like an angelfish's, and it hovered gracefully in the water. Suddenly it became beautiful, more beautiful than any fish I had ever seen.

When the second net was opened, more creatures piled out, and there were more Chamerans. There were also intricately striped tan sharks with black markings and slanted green eyes. They were alive and healthy. Sharks and their kin, which include rays, skates, sawfish and Chimerans, have no swim bladders and can withstand rapid decrease in pressure. But many of the tiny dogfish sharks, sexually mature at nine inches and lacking a dorsal fin, died from the abrupt temperature change.

Our boxes were filling up with creatures: small spindly orange lobsters, hermit crabs living inside red sea anemones, delicate crabs with long flexing legs. We worked like madmen, desperately raking through the catch. Time was critical, especially with a thousand pounds of creatures dumped on deck. If we didn't get the animals into water within a few minutes, most would die.

It didn't take the crew long to cull what they wanted. In 30 minutes they had four baskets heaped high with fluffy, bright Royal Red shrimp, and they shoveled all the other creatures overboard, including 300 or 400 pounds of *Penaeopsis megalops*, the small orange shrimp.

"Yeah, I know it's a waste," the skipper said, "but until they get some way to machine-process them, they ain't worth fooling with. They're just too small and too fragile."

Like many of the species out here, *Penaeopsis megalops* was an untapped resource, although Thomas Lee spoke of seeing Russian and Japanese trawlers working out in the deep water, saving almost everything that came aboard. If we don't utilize the tasty little shrimp and other unexploited species, apparently other countries will. Thomas Lee looked over the baskets of Royal Reds and said, "We ain't gonna get rich this way." But he looked pleased.

"Jack," Nixon called, "come look at the Chamerans. I'm afraid they're dying."

The fish were belly up, or lying flat on the bottom. I blasted pure oxygen into the water, hoping to revive them, but I knew it was hopeless. Their delicate bodies had undergone too much of a shock. Moments later I sadly lifted them out of the tank and put them into a plastic bag to preserve later.

"Skipper, we need to make another tow," I said. "We didn't get our sea roach and we lost our other little monsters."

Joe had been in the wheelhouse studying the Loran readings and his charts. He was excited. "Look, the way I figure it, we were dragging just a little bit too shallow to catch *Rathynomeus*. We were at 190 fathoms most of the time, and they're a few fathoms deeper. I'll bet if we put over in 250 fathoms we'll catch one."

"That's about an hour's running," said Thomas Lee, rubbing his unshaven chin, "but we'll try it. The seas ain't picking up any worse, and they always say that if you're catching those little *Megalops* shrimp, stop off into deeper water and you'll hit the Royal Reds. Last year about this time we hauled the nets up and caught 6,000 pounds." The shrimp fever was possessing him.

Now that the nets were out of the water, the Norma Evonov churned ahead, bucking head on into the big rolling swells. Her twin diesels strained; the boat began to beat loudly. It was misery on deck as we watched the creatures sloping back and forth in the Styrofoam boxes. Nick pulled a cigarette, looking ashen and pale. Before long I felt that all too familiar weakness, that hopeless battle with terminal seasickness, that moment of truth that said that all the dinner of the night before, all the saltine crackers I had just eaten, were about to be lost. A run to the rail and—oops!

But we had to keep on working. The water in the tanks had to be changed periodically, replaced with pre-chilled seawater when the old became slimy from the secretions of the creatures. Anne didn't help me much. "You know," she said, "I heard about one oceanographer who used to go out and get seacock every time. When he'd have his students out on deck, he would start lecturing, stop to throw up over the side, and then go right back to teaching his classes."

"Such dedication," muttered Nick,

taking another puff on his cigarette. Joe, on the other hand, was hurrying about in fine spirits, whistling and snapping pictures of all the living and dead creatures in our boxes before their color faded.

Through my wretchedness, I couldn't help wondering how those creatures must have been feeling. Even though the bright little chain dogfish were alive, they must have been blinded by the sunlight. No light makes its way down into the depths. What a strange group of creatures there were in our catch, squids that looked like octopuses and octopuses that resembled squids.

As I watched the hard round sea anemones sloshing back and forth in the boxes, I wondered how they were reacting to this unfamiliar wave action. Down where the Chamerans glide like fairy creatures over the bottom and sea roaches tunnel through the soft ooze, there is no wave action. Yet Royal Red fishermen spoke of violent undersea currents that were so strong they could catch the nets and nearly pull a shrimp boat over.

The ecology of the depths of the Gulf is poorly understood at best. The bottom is made up of the nearly microscopic shells of billions upon billions of fossilized single-celled organisms that have died and sunk into the depths over millions of years. So stable is the bottom temperature, salinity and other environmental conditions, that the shells have never deteriorated. Consequently, they cover the sea floor with a thick layer of fine fossilized sediment.

We were now dragging in 280 fathoms. Three more hours had passed, and it was time for the net to come up again. It was getting cold; the vanguard of the front had broken through and the winds were starting to switch around hard to the north, as the captain had feared. Those puffy clouds were on the move, pushed along by the wind, leaving a cold empty sky behind.

By the time Thomas Lee said, "All right, let's get her," we were wearing heavy jackets beneath our foul-weather gear. Once again we waited on deck, watching the winch spools grow fatter and fatter as the cable coiled around them. Finally the other doors rose from the surface and dangled from the davits. The net rose lightly up behind them, and

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Bargain Monster

continued

for just an instant we saw a shark follow it. The crew hoisted up the bag and it fairly whipped out of the sea, it was so light. "Goddamn!" the skipper snorted. "We made a water haul!"

Thomas Lee opened the flaccid bag and roughly 50 spiny sea robins poured out on the deck, every one of them dead. The second net also had sea robins.

"What happened?" asked Nick, stooping down to examine the dead fish.

"Shoot, we weren't even on the bottom," Thomas Lee said. "I'll bet we caught those fish in midwater when we were hauling it up. We didn't even tip-see out here. Damn, I hate that." He looked over his shoulder. "This front is coming right along. We've got to go in."

Everyone looked depressed. All that anticipation, all that waiting, for nothing. The skipper was embarrassed. He had underestimated the amount of cable to put out, and we were waiting in silence as he cursed and muttered. "All right, I'll tell you what," he said. "We'll make one more tow. This time she'll damn sure be on the bottom, I promise you. But the way these seas are building, it's gonna be miserable, Frankie," he said to the deckhand, "tie her up. Let's go fishing. You all watch you don't get washed overboard, you hear me?" As he turned to the wheelhouse, he said for all to hear, "I ain't got no damn sense. We ought to be heading in before we get drowned."

The sun was beginning to set, a cold orange ball sinking into the horizon, when the nets were once again on their way up. This time there was a heavy, solid look about them. The very angle of the trawls pulling solidly down into the water foretold that they were gorged with creatures. Then suddenly there was trouble.

"Sharks! Goddamn it, there's sharks all over the place!" yelled Frankie. "They're eating the nets up!" All the dead fish we had culled overboard hours ago had attracted them. The sea was boiling with sharks.

Thomas Lee shoved the throttle down and tried to outrun them. But there was no way to buck those 15-foot waves. Even as the two swollen bags were pulled to the surface in the wake of the boat, we could see the sharks lunging in, grabbing mouthfuls of the brightly colored shalving gear that protected the webbing and

violently shaking their bodies to tear them loose. Fish were spilling out.

"Hold it!" Frankie shouted to the skipper. "We've got to get these nets on deck before they eat the webbing down to the hanging lines."

Desperately, he and Claude began to hoist the heavy bags, with the sharks streaking in for one last bite. As the first bag was lifted clear of the water, fish began flopping out into the sea, and the sharks greedily thrashed in and gulped them down. A moment later the second net was lifted clear and dumped heavily on the deck, riddled with gaping holes. Another minute or two and there would have been only shredded webbing left.

The sharks hung back, trailing the trawler, waiting. They knew what was coming. Shrimp boats are the best thing that have happened to sharks since whaling.

We didn't pay them any attention when the nets were on deck. We had other problems. Frankie put three wraps of rope around the revolving brass cat-head, and the first big teardrop net was hoisted up to the lifting boom, where it dangled like an enormous webbed sock. Fish and shrimp began spilling out of the holes, but then they compressed, plugging the leaks. The heavy polyethylene rope groaned under the tremendous weight and stretched taut.

All that weight didn't keep the net from swinging back and forth with the ever-increasing rocking of the trawler. With each wave bigger than the last, the bag went wild, gyrating like a titan's punching bag. With a grim expression, Thomas Lee stepped forward like a wrestler about to grapple with his opponent. He grabbed the two release ropes that hung beneath the swollen bag and tried jerking them open. The net crashed into him, knocking him down.

Joe and I started forward. "Get back," Thomas Lee shouted. "This damn thing will knock you overboard. Get back!"

He arose and tried to grab on to the ropes, but they were snatched from his hand. For a moment the giant bag went wild. "Let off on it!" he shouted to Frankie, who let the bag crash to the deck with a loud "plop." I shuddered to think what that was doing to the specimens. I glanced at the other shark-torn net bag, also down on the deck now. If we didn't

open the nets soon and get those creatures into water, what life remained in them would have ebbed out.

"All right, bring it up," said the captain between gritted teeth. This time, when the net was hoisted back up to the mast, Thomas Lee lunged in, braced himself with all his might, his muscles bulging, and snatched at the trawler knot. The first bit of pressure eased off the constriction, and shrimp and fish began spilling out from the bottom.

Then suddenly we were staring at an enormous sea roach on the white deck. It couldn't be confused with anything else in the world, not those slowly flexing, long neatly pointed legs, or that flattened purplish-white segmented body, and those huge triangular eyes and small pointed antennae. I stared at it for an instant, unable to move. It was as if the Norma Evonre had dropped her nets back into time, back to the Eocene and brought a creature from that era to the surface.

I rushed over to grab the roach before it was buried, but the skipper bellowed, "Goddamn it, Jack! Stay the hell clear of them nets, you hear me? I don't want nobody getting killed!"

In a flash our precious *Bathynomus* disappeared beneath the avalanche. But then as my eyes took in all the diverse forms, the confused flapping, the dead creatures, two more sea roaches slid across the deck. Anne grabbed one and we began hollering. "Ya-hoo! We got them, we got them!"

Nick had been hanging desperately on to the railing, fighting the rolling seas. He suddenly strode forward and picked up the other roach. He was grinning for the first time in hours. We held the *Bathynomus* aloft so Joe could snap pictures. An electrical charge went through us at the excitement of discovery. Even the skipper and crew were looking at the creatures. They were beautiful and ugly at the same time. Their antennae flexed almost mechanically; their segmented bodies rolled up like those of pill bugs. One opened its circular mouth, surrounded with cutting plates, and ejected a brown fluid.

To our delight, when we dropped them into the boxes of water they began to swim. I dived back into the pile and dug out another *Bathynomus*. By this time the other net was opened and we found

continued

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KODAK CAROUSEL PROJECTORS



Bargain Monster

continued

three more. The rolling boat and blustery winds made it hard even to squat and glean through the catch without falling face first into its midst. But excitement banished our discomfort. There were more treasures: seaplans, spiny deep-water crabs, more feebly gasping rattails, large skates and gray dogfish with giant green eyes. The crew was caught up in the excitement, too. Frankie and Claude were shoveling the trash to the sharks, culling out the Royal Reds and helping us pick out anything alive. And Thomas Lee Mills, the man who had come on this trip only because he wasn't catching any shrimp inshore with his smaller boat, was in there with us with his own little camera, shooting off flash cubes.

"You know," he said, "I ain't never paid no attention to this stuff before. I hate to think of all the critters I've shoveled overboard and never even looked at them. But damned if there ain't something special about all this. I want pictures so I can show my family."

Our boxes were getting crowded. Frankie tossed a mackerel-like fish into a box with the largest *Bathynectes*, a sea roach that measured a full 24 inches in length.

"Good Lord," he said, his eyes wide, "will you look at this?"

The fish lay gasping limply on the bottom; obviously its swim bladder had been ruptured. The giant sea roach crawled forward and grasped the hapless creature with its hooks. It abruptly spun it around, opened its round, plated mouth and shut down on its tail. Then, using its seven pairs of claws, it began to grind the entire creature into its mouth. It was almost like seeing a snake swallow a rat, only the sea roach's jaws were so powerful that they simply sheared away muscle and bone. In two minutes the fish was chewed to bits, leaving only the head and the gnawed-down backbone. Here the creature had come up from a depth of 1,500 feet, had been hoisted out of the water to an alien environment, and the first thing it did was to eat.

We finished culling under the glare of the deck lights, surrounded by darkness and a star-studded sky. When the last of the trash was shoveled overboard and the five baskets of Royal Red shrimp stashed below, the crew got the boat ready for

the return voyage. Frankie crawled out on the outrigger, hanging above the rolling black seas, clutching the steel ladder, and looped a rope around the heavy outer doors so they could be hauled up on deck. Once slip and those chilly, rolling swells of darkness would swallow him up. Even without the sharks, there would be no saving him. But there was no problem; in a moment he was back safely, manipulating the doors into their brackets.

Then the grueling voyage back to port began. As 25-foot seas slammed over the bow, the sea foamed around the wheelhouse and flooded the aft decks. Periodically we would get up from our exhausted sleep, clutch the railings and check on our specimens; we had to keep the heavy, weighted Styrofoam boxes from being swept overboard as we crept back slowly toward shore. We were making little headway. Fifteen hours passed, then 20, and still no sight of land. It had taken only 10 hours to get out.

It was late in the afternoon before we inched into Mobile Bay and tied up at Bon Secour. Frantically we repacked the specimens, sealing and labeling boxes and loading them on a truck to meet the evening flight to New York. At the Pensacola airport, the freight manager looked with chagrin at the 20 boxes stacked up before the ticket counter. "You serious? You really want to ship *all* this through as luggage?"

But we did. Once again darkness fell, only this time Nixon Griffith and I were 20,000 feet up and climbing. Nick has spent more time traveling across the skies from one expedition to the next than anyone I know and he immediately settled down with a martini and a magazine. But I couldn't sit still. I was too excited. I was having trouble comprehending the events of the last 24 hours. Yesterday at this time we were aboard the *Norma Evonne* hauling up creatures from the depths of the sea, creatures that lived in the same cold, dark environment as their ancestors had for hundreds of millions of years with very little change. And now, a few hours later, we, and some of those ancient life forms, were flying above the clouds headed for New York.

Thirty thousand feet beneath us were forests, animals and people. As I looked at the lights of the cities and those of the cars on the highways, I was reminded of the bioluminescence of the depths and I

almost felt that it was time to drop the nets down again and see what they would bring up. The full impact of it all was beginning to sink in: we had really carried it off. We had gone forth against immense odds, traveled to the proper location in that enormous sea, arrived at the right time and actually captured what we went after—giant sea roaches. Was it magic, or was it luck? Or is there any difference between the two?

At six o'clock the next morning we finished unpacking the last of the specimens at the New York Aquarium in Coney Island. Only vaguely can I remember the excited voice of Hank Dols, the aquarist, as he opened each new box of unfamiliar creatures and carefully placed them in temperature-controlled and darkened aquariums. Later, I had barely dropped off to sleep at Nick's Manhattan apartment when I heard the phone ringing insistently, and Nick's sleepy voice answering it. It was 11 a.m. The public-relations department of the New York Zoological Society, which operates the aquarium, was insistent. "Hurry up, you've got to get down to the aquarium right away. The press is coming."

Before the blazing lights of television cameras, gooseneck barnacles expended their feathery scarlet legs. Tan- and black-striped chain dogfish sharks glided along the bottom of the tank, and one laid an egg. Most sharks are viviparous; these are among the few that are oviparous. Reporters from *The New York Times* and the *Daily News* gazed upon luminous moon snails and deep-sea lobsters. And six giant sea roaches peered out from behind the glass walls of their new home with their huge triangular eyes, looking like something from outer space. Nick happily held one up for the reporters to see, keeping his fingers clear of the mandibles and hooked claws. The wire services picked up the story of our catch, and letters poured in from France, from Japan, from all over the U.S. Later, millions of viewers awoke to see our giant sea roaches swimming across the television screen on *Good Morning America*.

Crowds flocked to the New York Aquarium, even in the dead of winter. Admissions soared. The sea roaches, our bargain monsters, had proved to be a monster bargain. They lived in captivity for almost a year.



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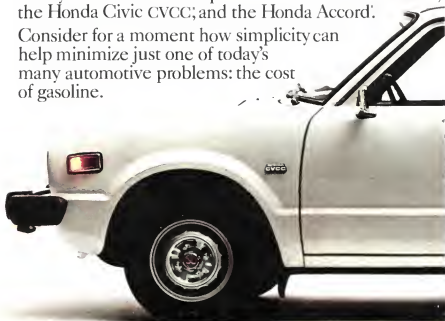
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SI0612

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week May 28-June 4

PRO BASKETBALL—Before the largest crowd ever to watch a single professional basketball game, 39,437 in Kempele in Seattle, the Washington Bullets beat Seattle 120-116 and took the series 2-1. Seattle then took a 3-2 lead in Fred Brown and Dennis Johnson combined for more than half the Sonics points in a 98-74 victory. In Game 6 the Bullets beat the series again with a 117-82 win. The margin of 35 points set a championship series record (page 24)

GOLF—NANCY LORPEL won her third straight tournament with an 11-under-par 277 in the Golden Light event at New Rochelle, N.Y., defeating Johnnie Carrer by three strokes. Loper set a course record of 65 for a single round, the final round at New Rochelle. Then Loper and JOANNE CAMERON shot a final-round nine-under-par, a course record, to win the \$100,000 LPGA Insurance by eight strokes over Holly Stacy in Toronto. Camer finished with a 14-under-par 278.

Five horses and a 40-foot eagle putt during the final round gave ANDY BLAN a six-under-par 68 and 273 total and victory in the \$200,000 Kemper Open at Charlotte, N.C. Best finished six strokes ahead of Mark Haverland and Andy North.

HORSE RACING—Calvin's high weight of 130 pounds, COV'S RIDGE, 861, Eddie Muple in the saddle, won the \$10,000 one-mile Metropolitan Handicap at Belmont Park by 7 1/2 lengths over BuckleUp. The 4-year-old was timed in 1:35.

MOTOR SPORTS—MARIO ANDRETTI driving a 195-Lexus won the Spanish Grand Prix at Madrid and increased his lead in the race for the world championship to 10 points over his teammate Ronnie Peterson. Andretti averaged 80.31 mph in Team Lotus made in second 1-42 lap in an early wets. Peterson was the runner-up.

ROWING—SYRACUSE won its first Varsity Cup title in 56 years in the National Intercollegiate Association Championships on Onondaga Lake in Syracuse, N.Y. Syracuse covered the 2,000-meter course in 5:29.3, three seconds ahead of Brown.

SOCCER—Poland beat defending World Cup champion West Germany to knockout in the opening game of the championships in Buenos Aires, Tunisia, scored a 1-0 victory. West by European bolsters, upset Mexico 3-0 to take the lead in Group 2 and move one point ahead of West Germany and Poland. Bernard Lacombe of France scored in the first 30 seconds of play.

against Italy. But Italy failed to a 1-1 tie by halftime and Renato Zaccarelli scored the winning goal at France in 2-1. Torino, one of the three-ranked teams, defeated Scotland 2-1 with two goals from Tassilo Cudde. Sweden held three-time trophy winner Brazil to a 1-1 tie. Austria, competing for the first time since 1954, beat Spain 2-1 with a winning goal from Johann Frankl. The top scorer in Europe this season.

NASCAR—The title was once again a white for the California Serf, personnel of a scorching streak that reached 281 minutes. Dave Butler scored two goals in the Seattle Sounders beat the San 3-0. San Diego acquired Ade Coker from Minnesota and Coker promptly scored two goals in the Sounders' 3-1 defeat of New England. Detroit moved into first place in the American Grand Prix Conference with a 3-0 win over Philadelphia. Tulsa defeated Houston 4-2, running Keith Von Erns. hopes for his fourth consecutive shutout. Minnesota increased its home field record by both with a 3-2 win over Seattle in overtime. Francisco Bolina scored all the Rochester goals in the Lakers beat Chicago 3-2.

ASL—The hottest thing going for the California Shoreline is the trio of Andy Chapman, Tony Douglas and Phil Garcia. In two games they scored six of the team's eight goals. California defeated the Indy Darts 4-2 with two goals from Chapman and one from Douglas. Two goals from Chapman beat the New Jersey Admirals 4-0, with Garcia scoring two goals and Douglas another. After playing in just one game on the road, Southern California went home to beat the Indy Darts 2-1. Len Richards led all the scoring for Los Angeles in the Sharks beat the New York Eagles 2-0.

TENNIS—WTF. After missing six matches because of bronchitis, Billie Jean King returned to the New York Apple Cup, but the Los Angeles Stripes still defeated New York 11-20. The Apple came out to beat Phoenix 29-24 at King coasted Krutem. Steve 6-2 in women's singles. Martina Navratilova teamed with Terry Holladay to defeat Wendy Turnbull and Helen Cowley 6-1, then topped in the same score at Boston beat New Orleans 27-21. Virginia Wade led the Golden Gate in two victories. First came a 30-22 win over Los Angeles that snuffed a seven-match home win streak for the Stripes. Wade beating Chris Evert 6-1. Then the defeated King 3-0 in the Golden Gate beat New York 24-21 in a super tie-breaker. Annabel edged New Orleans 29-24 but lost Rover Casual, who will be our solidarity with us regardless.

Top-seeded JOHN McNEIL of Stanford won the NCAA singles title in Athens, Ga., defeating John Sadr of North Carolina State 7-6, 7-6, 3-7, 7-6.

TRACK & FIELD—CLANCY EDWARDS broke nine records for the 100 meters (10:07) and the 200 (20:34) to lead SOUTHERN CAL. to the team title at the NCAA Championships in Eugene, Ore. WILBY ROBE of Washington State won the 1,000-meter hurdle race in 8:12.39, breaking his own meet record set in a earlier heat by 6:24 seconds. He also set a record at 5,000 meters (18:31.79). Other meet records set: 100-meter hurdles, GREG POSTER, UCLA, 13:21; hammer throw, SCOTT NELSON, Washington, 237.57; javelin, BOB BOGGY, Stanford, 297; pole vault, MIKE TULLY, UCLA, 12'10"; triple jump, KEN LIVERS, San Jose State, 56'3/4"; discus, KENTH GARDENKRANS, Brigham Young, 212'2" (page 26)

VOLLEYBALL—There were several upsets in the International Volleyball Association opened its fourth season. The two teams with the best records lost one loss all their opening matches. Denver a division winner, lost its opening match at home, first to Orange County and then to Santa Barbara. Last season Denver won six of its 11 home matches. El Paso Jazzer lost its opening match to Tucson, Orange County and Santa Barbara. Tucson the only team in the league with a losing record last season, again suffered a drop in All Star from San Diego, Scott English for injury with the NBA Phoenix Suns and Jean Cusden who played for the Persian National team for 14 years and an new (Shipp) and a favorite to win its division this year.

MILITARY—HIBED. To a five-year reported 81 million contract as coach and general manager of the New York Rangers, FRED SHERO, 52, coach of the Philadelphia Flyers for seven seasons. Shero led the Flyers to two Stanley Cup Championships.

DIED JOHN HOPE JOCEG, 49, in Reading, Calif. A member of the Naval Tennis Hall of Fame, Joceg won the 1930 U.S. singles title at Forest Hills.

CREDITS

15—Anthony Ruiz 16—Glenney by SOV 18—New York University 1970—Johnnie Carrer 20—Steve Klumpner 21—Tony Duffly 22—Patty Robinson pool 23—Dagge Lindberg 24—Tony Duffly lead 25—Robert Reed 26—Pete Robinson 27—Johnnie Carrer 28—George Long 29—James Clarke 30—Buck Hall 31—Wally McPherson 32—Jerry Cooke 33—Clarence Garcia

FACES IN THE CROWD



TOMMY KOSCOE
Middle Age

A pitcher and first baseman for Milby High, Koscoe, 17, had an 18-2 record for a 23-3 season, including a no-hitter and 150 strikeouts in 100 innings. His ERA was 0.24. Moreover, he led the team in hitting, with a .395 average.



CHRIS RHEA
Pilot Washington, N.Y.

Chris, 17, a senior at Port Washington High, set a high school girls' record for the one-mile walk with a 7:10.5, the second-fastest in the world for women. She also broke the U.S. high school record for 5,000 meters with a 26:16.8.



MIKE WHITTE
Gardens, Cal.

Not many athletes can say they broke one of Lou Gehrig's records, but Whitte, a Columbia University senior outfielder, can. His school record eight home runs in a single season surpassed Gehrig's 55-year-old record of seven.



JAMIE PLONCK
Piedmont, Pa.

A freshman at Sweet Briar (Va.) College, Plonck took top honors in the National Invitational Collegiate Riding Championship. She also won four classes in a meet sponsored by the Virginia Federation of Intercollegiate Sports for Women.



DAVID KRAUS
Northampton, Pa.

David, a senior at Shippensburg High, won his second consecutive Pennsylvania high school tennis singles championship. He has had 28 victories and only one defeat in his three-year career and also won two straight district titles.



GARRY PFLEGER
Stout

David, 14, won the Junior Master Angler class at the Metropolitan South Florida Fishing Tournament. She caught a 162-pound, eight-ounce shark in the six-pound-test-line category and a 35-pound, four-ounce knifefish in the plug-fishing category.

BUTE

Sir

The article *New Uproar Over a Controversial Drug* (May 22) by Douglas S. Looney was excellent. We believe that you have made a major contribution to increasing the public's awareness of the greed and thoughtlessness that prompt the use of Butazolidin.

We would particularly like to comment on one point. The author correctly states that owners "want action for their \$600 to \$1,000 a month per horse training expenses" and that racing secretaries "desperately need horses to fill races." The suggestion is implicit that without Butz-filled horses, thoroughbred racing and the revenues which derive from it would dry up. That is contrary to all evidence. The number of races increased 83% from 1960 to the present. However, the number of runners increased 108% and the number of thoroughbred foals registered with the Jockey Club increased an astounding 138%. In fact, since 1960 the rate of increase of thoroughbred foals has been 50% greater than the rate of increase in the number of races.

On that basis alone it could scarcely be contended that there is any economic necessity for running injured horses in order to fill the gates on American tracks.

ODONIA EWING
President
Illinois Hooved Animal
Humane Society
Barrington, Ill.

Sir

Your article on the Butz controversy presented both the emotional and the realistic aspects of the issue in a well-written manner.

Racehorses are similar to athletes. The vast majority of them have either small injuries or breathing problems, such as asthma, but are still able to compete. No parent of the average high school football player or gymnast objects to his child receiving a mild medication for a small injury or asthma. Yet it is considered by many cruel to medicate a horse in a similar manner.

Never in my years at the racetrack have I seen Butazolidin make a lame horse sound. If given a massive amount of Butz, a lame horse will improve, but even the most un knowledgeable person will be able to see that the horse is unable to race.

JAMES R. WOODE, D.V.M.
Equine Clinics, Inc.
Springfield, Pa.

Sir

Butazolidin has suffered unfairly ever since a barrage of misinformation was handed out by the media during the 1968 Kentucky Der-

by incident. As a pony girl with a bad knee, I can speak from experience with horse racing and with Butz. After I had three major knee operations, my doctor prescribed Butz to relieve the pain and swelling. While the relief I get is nothing short of miraculous, I am still not able to go out and play tennis or jog or ski—no matter how good the knee feels.

Most athletes are medicated to some extent to relieve the routine aches and pains they suffer. Horses are athletes, so why shouldn't they be medicated for their routine aches and pains? And please note, I am talking about aches and pains, not lameness. The problem is not with medication, but with overmedication. As long as horsemen are pressured to fill the ever-increasing number of racing days, the problem will always exist.

SHARON SIMONS
Newport Beach, Calif.

Sir

In the article the impression was given that there is little medical opinion supporting the contention that it is harmful to race an injured horse on anti-inflammatory drugs such as Butazolidin. Actually, there is an abundance of veterinary textbooks and research papers cautioning against such practice.

Lameness in Horses, edited by O. R. Adams, D.V.M., M.S., which is one of the most frequently used textbooks on equine orthopedic medicine, states that phenylbutazone in many cases "is used to alleviate symptoms of lameness without allowing sufficient rest for healing of the part. In this case, additional damage is done to the joint while the horse goes on with racing workouts. This eventually leads to a complete degeneration of the joint." This text also points out that too often "phenylbutazone therapy allows the horse to be used, causing further injury before healing has taken place."

The Merck Veterinary Manual states, "Anti-inflammatory medication, if used along with continued training or racing, leads inevitably to destruction of the joint surfaces."

ROBERT O. BAKER
St. Louis

ALAN LEAVITT

Sir

Outspoken harness horse dealer Alan Leavitt thinks he was shunned in Hanover, Pa. because he is Jewish (*He's Very High on His Horses*, May 29). I am also Jewish and have lived in Hanover for 12 years. I am raising three happy, Jewish children. At no time have we ever felt discriminated against.

I have also known Leavitt. Twelve years ago, when my husband was working for him, Leavitt stated several times in my presence

that the whole Hanover Shoe Farms operation was anti-Semitic. Why, then, is my husband, Murray Brown, now an executive with that same firm?

Leavitt accused a group of fine men, the Hambletonian Society, of being "openly anti-Semitic." Now he is accusing the town of Hanover. It makes me wonder whether the fault doesn't lie in the mind of Leavitt.

MARLENE BROWN
Hanover, Pa.

VILAS

Sir

I must compliment Curry Kirkpatrick on his article about Guillermo Vilas (*The Mild Bull of the Pampas*, May 29). He depicted Vilas as an all-round person who gained fame through only one of his many abilities.

I would, however, like to respond to Kirkpatrick's comment that Bjorn Borg "is well-mannered but exhibits no recognizable human emotion past a smirk. And although they [Connors and Borg] have performed prodigies on the tennis court..."

It is my feeling that Borg's prodigious performance on the tennis court is as much a result of his lack of emotion as it is of his natural physical talents. His cool approach signifies a tremendous control over himself, his own game and possibly even that of his opponent. His control allows him never to sense defeat—or at least, never to display a defeatist attitude. Perhaps this, in turn, prevents his opponent from sensing victory, for, as is already well known, Borg wins much more often than he loses. His 12-4 lifetime dominance over Vilas is as good proof as any.

ELANA SCHRADER
West Orange, N.J.

PRO TWICE OVER

Sir

In the article on pro basketball and tennis player John Lucas (*Rockier With a Ruckler*, May 29) Melissa Radtke makes no mention of NBA All-Star Larry Smith when listing professional athletes who have competed in two major team sports in the same year.

I know Smith was an accomplished soccer player at Buffalo State but am not sure whether he is has played professional soccer. If he has contemplated playing professional soccer, or if he is prevented from playing professional soccer because of a stipulation in his Buffalo Braves contract. Would you please shed some light on this situation?

BILLY STERNBERG
Fries Meadows, N.Y.

• Smith tried out for the Tampa Bay Rowdies of the NASL after the 1976-77 NBA season, but he didn't make the team.—ED

continued



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19TH HOLE Leonard

DUCK

Sir

Re Jonathan Yardley's review of the Josh Gibson book in the May 22 issue. During the Depression years of the 1930s, all of the Negro league teams, along with the Brooklyn Bushwicks and other leading independent mines of that era, played at North End Field in Phillipsburg, N.J.

Gibson played there often. In addition to his other star qualities, one lasting impression was his arm. When he pegged to set, and, his pitcher dropped to a crouch to avoid being struck, so minimal was the arc of the throw. In rating the greatest catchers, he can do no worse than share the No. 1 spot.

HARRY BESS
Borgert, Pa.

MATCHED BATTERIES

Sir

Dr. William H. B. Howard (SCORECARD May 22) is doing it the easy way in matching batteries, pitcher and catcher, from any major league teams? Mine are made up from the pitchers and catchers of the same team and year.

High-Below (01 Tigers), Ryan-O'Neil (04 Cards), Wicker-Weaver (02 Cards), Betts-Nichols (03 Cards), Street-Walker (04 Reds), Devine-Fortune (20 Red Sox), Winters-Wheat (21 Athletics), Butcher-Baker (41 Pirates), Batts-Fine (47 Red Sox), Wolf-Hollowell (47 Pirates), Moss-Flowers (51 Red Sox), White-House (51 Tigers), Brown-Grisso (51 Senators), Byrd-House (57 Tigers), Golden-Sherry (60 Dodgers), Rice-Sprent (61 Angels), Green-Cootes (63 Reds).

I've got a million (501 more), and I dare anyone to challenge this list.

THOMAS STEPHEN TURPALK
Pittsburgh

JUST ONE GAME

Sir

Since the reporting in SCORECARD (May 11) of my team's 39-1 loss to Memphis State, I have heard from friends all over the country. Some I had not heard from in over 35 years. This has been great, for it's always good to hear from friends even in adversity.

So that they will not feel sorry for me, I would like to tell them that Delta State made it to the Division II World Series after finishing the regular season with a 36-12 record. We were co-champions of the Gulf South Conference and won the NCAA South Central Regional Tournament, which incidentally, was held at Delta State.

One game down I make a season.

DAVE BOB FLEMMING
HEAD BASEBALL COACH
Cleveland, Miss.

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